

# THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## LINES.

Watchman! What of the night?  
                                   The night is dark,  
 So dark, so black I cannot see afar.  
 There are no homely fires, no, not one  
                                   spark,  
 There is no moon nor star.

Watchman! I feel some rain.  
                                   The sky droops low,  
 O'erburdened with the heavy clouds  
                                   it bears.  
 Great drops are falling, heavy drops  
                                   and slow,  
 And they are salt, like tears.

Watchman! The air is thick.  
                                   The earth is draped  
 In mists that motionless upon it  
                                   brood.  
 They lie like palls in which the dead are  
                                   wrapped,  
 And they are red, with blood.

Watchman! What sounds are these?  
                                   Sounds of the night  
 That rise and pass and die and rise  
                                   again.  
 They seem like curses wrung from those  
                                   who fight  
 And groans of dying men.

Watchman! I see a flare.  
                                   Corpse lights that pass,  
 Borne on a homeless wind, or fires of  
                                   death  
 That sear and burn even the humble  
                                   grass  
 Under their fiery breath.

Watchman! I cannot sleep.  
                                   Arise, I say.  
 This is no time to sleep, to mourn, to  
                                   cry,  
 Get thee to work. Make ready for the  
                                   day,  
 For those who sleep will die.

But those who watch and work will see  
                                   the morn  
 Break through the darkness and the  
                                   fog of strife.

For them will a new day, new world be  
                                   born,  
 New hope, new truth, new life.

Watchman! What is thy name?  
                                   Courage am I.  
 Come take my hand and let us for-  
                                   ward fare.  
 Gird on thy sword and bear thee man-  
                                   fully,  
 For thou must take thy share.

Watchman, I come. Hold thou thy  
                                   lamp to light  
 My early footsteps lest I faint or  
                                   stray.  
 I know that thou wilt guide my steps  
                                   aright  
 Until we meet the day.

Comrade, I know that thou alone art  
                                   wise,  
 And, even if I fall upon the way,  
 Whether with these or with new clearer  
                                   eyes  
 I still shall see the day.

*H. Fielding-Hall.*

*The Saturday Review.*

## THE EARLY THRUSH.

Not Joy! Not Joy! The winds are  
                                   shrill,  
 And laggard snow streaks every hill;  
 The skies are weeping, fields are sleeping,  
 Late the dreary dawn is peeping—  
                                   No, not Joy!

Not Love! Not Love! No mate is nigh  
                                   To scatter forth sublime reply;  
 No heart is listing my persisting,  
 Lonely is my tuneless trysting—  
                                   No, not Love!

But Hope! For Hope's adventured  
                                   note  
 Is thrilling in this throbbing throat;  
 With song enhancing dawn's advancing,  
 Hark! I wake the winter's trancing—  
                                   Hope! Yea, Hope!

*R. Scott Frayn.*

*The Bookman.*

## OUR SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare Commemoration may well be, in spite of our terrible pre-occupations, a concern of some national moment in 1916. The whimsical and capricious individual element which has led us astray in various phases of national activity, has caused much diversion from the Major to the Minor Prophets of Letters. Things of wood and stone, the prophets of Baal even, the graves of the sorcerers have bewildered and led us astray. Fashion in these matters has been omnipotent. From the amount of time that we, as a people, devote to Shakespeare, it would be hard to deduce that we really regarded him as our supreme author. And yet just as it is most important that any living society should so arrange matters that its best, most energetic and most able people may emerge and come to the front in the direction of affairs, so for the moral and intellectual perspective of a nation it is most important that we should worship our true gods. Lip service puts Shakespeare invariably first, but there is no small amount of hypocrisy in this, and this hypocrisy has done a good deal of harm.

The line of the elegist Basse is still remembered:

"Sleep, great tragedian, Shakespeare,  
sleep alone."

We have, it is to be feared, acquiesced too supinely as a nation in this solitary slumber, and have left the tragedian's rest only too severely undisturbed. It is our view, at any rate, that Shakespeare has had too many critics and not enough playgoers. Shakespeare wrote a series of the finest plays in the world upon the most universal and unmistakable subjects, such as Love, Ambition, Pride, Jealousy, Revenge, Fear, Loss of Possessions, most indeed of the

afflictions of Job. The man who could perform these marvels is a marvel himself—a precious stone set in the silver sea of memory. The homage of the Scene, "To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe" is his manifest due and tribute. But poor Shakespeare has been so overloaded with book study and antiquarian lore and secondary-symbolist meanings that he has been dosed at times to within an ace of premature dotage. A contemporary of Queen Victoria found little difficulty in tracing the present war to its ultimate causes—traceable in each case to some supreme failing of the several belligerents. Thus France suffered for her Atheism, Russia for her Siberian Severities, Belgium for the Congo, Serbia for her Regicide, Britain for the Opium Traffic, and Germany for the Higher Criticism. It is the Higher Criticism which has imperiled the posthumous life of Shakespeare by setting his would-be admirers against each other, and compromising the cult of our greatest Empire Builder by the menace of Civil War.

A series of eccentric hallucinations and crazes have swept in succession over the study of Shakespeare. Some of these have been due to the busy brains of pedants and illiterates, but others have emanated from critics and philosophers. Most have sprung from ignorance of Shakespeare's aims and the peculiar limitations and idiosyncrasies of the contemporary stage. Ben Jonson, for instance, started the hare of the Dramatic Unities. No one violated them with more nonchalance than Shakespeare. What could be more outrageous than the freedom used in imagining and assuming in the "Winter's Tale"? Then there was the violent intermingling of the Comic and the Tragic as seen in "Othello," "Macbeth," "Lear," "The Merchant of

Venice." Only a buffoon, maintained Rymer the Critic, could sandwich the gravity of "Hamlet," and the lewd banter of the gravediggers. "Othello" Rymer called a bloody farce without salt or savor. Shakespeare might have been a great humorist, there are signs of it in *Cæsar* and *Othello*, but when it comes to passages demanding dignity, why, not a monkey, not a pug of *Barbary*, but has a truer taste of things. The blood, the barbaric violence (*Gloucester* in "*Lear*," for example) the incongruities rendered adaptation indispensable. Hence, the *Richard of Ciber*, the *Lear of Nahum Tate*, *Lansdowne's Jew of Venice*, *Dennis's Comical Gallant (Falstaff)*, and *Dryden's Enchanted Island*. Shakespeare's profound ignorance of dramatic art justified an infinitude of "refined" modifications by the age of *Pepys* and *Wycheley*. One curious theory of French origin, which persisted long and obtained wide currency owing to the loud authoritative voice of *Voltaire*, was that Shakespeare was a kind of inspired rustic, whose habitual gibbering was diversified by great moments of genuine poetry. Another was that Shakespeare was the unrecognized and much-persecuted victim of *Ben Jonson* and other dramatists of the age. Allied with this was the German theory of Shakespeare's isolation among the dramatists of the period, and the exaggerated theory of Shakespeare's art, the very rudeness and nodosities of which were nothing less than additional beauties. This was followed in the mid-nineteenth century by an extraordinary mania for the discovery of Shakespeare symbolism, together with a strong inclination to the psychological fallacy that Shakespeare's choice of tragic or comic themes must have been conditioned by the immediate circumstances of his life. Not only was each play discovered to represent some distinct ethical teaching, a parable in the disguise of a play, but

almost every character of importance was discovered to conceal a satire upon some contemporary rival or enemy. In similar spirit Shakespeare's dramatic blank verse has been subjected to every kind of possible and impossible "metrical test," while his acts and scenes have been pulled about to suit the exigencies of the latest theories of Elizabethan staging. These ingenious, but for the most part faded speculations, have given place to passionate altercations upon the inner meaning and significance of the sonnets—the debate concentrating upon the interpretation of the cryptic dedication addressed to the only begetter, *Mr. W. H.*, by the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth, *T. T.* One can read now, with nothing short of intense amusement, the grand discovery by the French discoverer, *M. Philarète Charles*, acclaimed with perfect solemnity by the *Athenæum*, the *Westminster*, and *Saturday Reviews*, and by a consensus of learned opinion, that the mystic *W. H.* meant nothing more or less than "*William Himself*." *Voilà la symbolique des sonnets!* Another craze (initiated by people who seem to have known Shakespeare alone among great authors, and to have ignored that extraordinary faculty of assimilation which is practically indispensable to all creative artists, constituting, in fact, the kind of literary second sight which distinguishes an author from another) is that because Shakespeare has written so well about travel, about seafaring, about soldiering, about women, about angling, about litigation, about the Bible, etc., etc., therefore he must have been a great traveler, a sailor, a soldier, a woman, an angler, a lawyer, a Protestant divine and the like, himself. What Shakespeare meant by being a genius, why he was a genius, this is what such amiable mediocrities can never imagine. Why these beneficent sphinxes—these men of genius—do what they do, we can never deter-



mine. Fortunately for us they do it. Some instructive detractors of the greatest make much out of the fact that Dizzy took a speech from Thiers or a *mot* from a Russian diplomat, so they make much of Shakespeare's borrowings. The right lesson of these attachments and annexations is surely that the more these great conquerors of speech and ideas borrow the better it is for us. They are traversing the desert whitened with the bones of explorers from time immemorial, and they are vivifying the experience of the past with a magic touch. Lafcadio Hearn, a true appreciator of genius, expanded the borrowing practice of Shakespeare and its practical benevolence in a notable lecture to his Japanese students in words which I only wish I could recall, for the words were memorable and the book most inaccessible. But here is another version of this form of Shakespearean industry which will assuredly help us. As Mrs. Stopes well says in her book on "Shakespeare's Industry," Shakespeare was not a pioneer in dramatic art. He was by no means always the first to manipulate the materials that he used. He often borrowed plots, sometimes characters, and even language. In the difference between what he had received and what he gives, we can learn something of the transforming touch of the myriad mind. Something perhaps of the mind, and even the heart itself, of the author. There is nothing new under the sun said the preacher. But there are new combinations and new transmutations. "To him had been revealed the two great secrets that the philosophers of the day vainly sought, the secret of the Philosopher's Stone that would turn the baser metals into pure gold and the secret of the Elixir of Life which could secure to his work the gifts of immortal life and eternal youth. Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues. His spiritual insight showed him how to

vivify the processes by which he presented his thoughts to the world, and made even dry bones live. If it is true that he was a student before he was a writer, it is true also that he was an actor before he was a dramatist. Dissatisfied with or tired of some of his company's plays, he altered them to the satisfaction of the owners and of their audiences until he altered them so much as to remake them altogether, until they grew popular as his own work.

"When he faced the question of writing a play, he consciously or unconsciously set himself at least firm special laws or limitations under which he must work, considering its possible effect, first, on the Censor and on the Public; secondly, its suitability to the acting powers of his own company; thirdly, its satisfaction of his own critical taste; and fourthly, its truth to the originals, this the last and least important to him. To these might be added at times a second intention such as Spenser elaborates in the explanation of the allegories in his 'Faerie Queene,' where he had both a general and a particular meaning. For we have Shakespeare's own authority that he had at times gored his own thoughts, made old offenses of affections new, in his dramatic works. The very clue to much of this is lost, but sufficient remains to make us remember the possibilities of other suggestions. These five determinants influenced him in different proportions at different times of his life, as by his work and experience he gradually educated not only himself but his public. By degrees he came to consider his public less, and himself more. He taught them what they ought to want. He could risk it. He labored against what may be called the sensationalism of the pre-Shakespearean stage by throwing an interest into character apart from as well as through the plot. The blood and horrors which were supposed necessary to give

force to a tragedy, were generally connected with feeble characterization. Character was drowned in a great flood of action. He only once followed the people's tastes in 'Titus Andronicus.' And after that he made the prevailing taste follow him."

This is Mrs. Stopes at her best. Often she is too archæological for our taste. Of course, there is another side of the question—where Shakespeare injured his original the better to suit the taste or the theatre of his day. The needs of his own particular public predominated. But the main point is essential. The characterization is the thing that matters. Dramatic, not fictional characterization; but the characters are firm and stable enough to have persisted as types for the best psychologists of succeeding ages.

Shakespeare handles the facts of history and of life with a sovereign impartiality. He was not in any sense a party man, and his attitude to present day politics would probably be as Bishop Stubbs says, a plague on both your houses. Yet politicians of all shades of thought may go to him and find texts for the faith that is in them. He in his time played many parts and is the poet of all. The theory that he was an aristocrat and a bit of a snob finds an able repudiator in Mr. Edward Salmon, who says well, I think, every class has something to learn from Shakespeare: "The King the necessity of good government; the people that the kingly state is by no means a happy one; the statesman that the views of the people cannot be lightly gained, though the popular verdicts may be unstable; the agitator that order, loyalty and patriotism are essential to a country's prosperity and growth; the sufferer that discontent is inevitable, and that in whatever sphere he is called upon to act, it will be well to recollect that there are others, in their own way, combating troubles equally hard to endure."

One of the last but not the least inveterate forms of superstition about Shakespeare is that he was found out by posterity and foreigners, and was in scant favor with his own age and country. Yet in one of his own comedies published contemporaneously in 1608, it is expressly stated in the Preface that "this author's comedies are so framed to the life that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit that those most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies." At the period of his death, as Sir Sidney Lee points out, no mark of honor was denied his name. Dramatists and poets echoed the phrases of this "lord of language": cultured men and women of fashion studied his works; preachers cited them in the pulpit. A Fellow of Magdalen actually preached twice from the University pulpit, citing with special commendation speeches from "Romeo and Juliet" as applicable to God's love for His saints. Sir John Suckling was painted with "Hamlet" in his hand, and the writings of Shakespeare, so Milton informs us, were the "closest companions" of Charles the First in his solitude.

The pernicious fashion of suggesting recondite external explanations of Shakespeare reached its climax in 1857, in a book by Delia Bacon to prove that Francis Bacon and not William Shakespeare actually composed the plays commonly attributed to the Stratford actor. The craze was partly due to the disconcerting habit of the critics never to leave Shakespeare to his natural interpreter, the actor, but to supernaturalize and load with transcendental meaning his most ordinary situations and his too frequently overloaded and dark or allusive passages.

Shakespeare, it is plain, was not a sedentary man, or a man of study, or an Inns-of-Court man. On the contrary, he was an open-air man, a man of

affairs, and something of a sportsman and a liver. But he had that peculiar, that compelling, and that much abused power of transmitting thoughts and impressions by means of ink and paper which distinguishes an author from another, a plain man from a "litterateur."

Like all great authors, he uttered a vast quantity of truth without knowing it, delivers *obiter dicta* in cases of which he had never heard before, and pours forth profound opinions on many subjects of which he practically knew nothing. It was an unfortunate decision of the cryptographers to endeavor to double the part of Shakespeare with that of Bacon. The choice was manifestly made with a random superficiality. Bacon was the one known name of contemporary intellectual superman, statesman, scholar, lawyer, judge, and seductive philosopher. But it would be about as hopeless a task eventually to demonstrate that the novels of Dickens must have been written by Matthew Arnold, "The Dynasts" by Herbert Spencer, or the plays of the younger Dumas by Renan, as to double the parts of two such psychological opposites as Shakespeare and Bacon.

I wonder if there are still extant any conscientious objectors to Shakespeare? We have heard of Goldsmith and Burns, Cobbett and George IV, Tolstoi, Bernard Shaw, and a few others. With all his faults, his borrowings, his *ordures* as Voltaire politely calls them, we are inclined in this Parnassian concert to give him a notation equivalent to that given to Disraeli, with all his artificialities, at the Berlin Congress in 1878, by Bismarck: "*Der alte Jude, der ist der mann.*" But our way of honoring still lacks the hallmark of conviction. With the Tercentenary we might well turn over a new leaf. Why are not the best plays of Shakespeare, "Romeo," "Julius Cæsar," "Mid-

summer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," "Othello," the Falstaff Plays—why are not these acted more often by the best companies and the starriest actors in vivid competition one with the other? Why is there not a central London house where Shakespeare's plays are continually on tap, as it were? Why do we not experiment more with the restoration of plays performed in the Shakespearean manner? Why has the home and school practice of Shakespeare reading declined? Why have we not a National Variorum Edition at a price as close as the Bible Society's issues of Testaments? To these I would add a national edition of a few commentary, encyclopædic, or critical books, such as Furnivall's "Introduction," the *Collectanea* of Lamb, Coleridge and Hazlitt, Brandes, Bradley, Lowndsbury, Madden, and Baker, to which must certainly be added the "Life" by Sir Sidney Lee.\* A cheap illustrated edition of this last work at a rational price would be an immense boon. Apart from the collection and cross fertilization of an immense number of facts, new and old, literary and unliterary, about Shakespeare, the great critical service rendered to the dramatist by Sir Sidney Lee is that he stands as the champion of the impersonality of Shakespeare. The "Sonnets" have often been taken as a refutation of this view. This is precisely where the labors of this most encyclopædic objective biographer stand us in such valuable stead. Shakespeare, says Sir Sidney, was just the *Primus* among the sonnetteers of the age, the doyen of the Amorist school. The fashion of sonnets was as capricious and imperious as that of the keepsakes of eighty years ago. When the craze was at its height these sonnetteers were

\* "The life of William Shakespeare." By Sir Sidney Lee. Re-written. 8s. 6d. 1915. (Smith, Elder.)

indefatigable with their amours and counter amours. All of them had their Ideas and their Delias, their beautiful and their black ladies, their exquisite love and their perfumed hate. Sometimes they mixed up both in one sonnet. The copies flew from hand to hand. They were the ballades, the rondels, the limericks, and the charades of the fifteen-nineties. When the fervor of the passion was at its height the distraught celebrants of their mistress's eyebrow lashed and spurred one another to search in the heart and write, but instead of searching in their hearts in reality what they did was to search in the pioneer sonnets of Italy, or more often France—especially in Ronsard or Desportes. There they found all the regnant conceits in full operation. The discovery of all this is fairly conclusive. We can all of us discover the torso of Shakespeare in "Hamlet," or some other favorite play, and shape it into a character in conformity with our own prepossessions. But then other people have other favorites, other interpretations, and other prepossessions. The result is that one portrait of Shakespeare cancels another. The one exception to this ruling out of personality was the testimony of the "Sonnets." But when this testimony is discovered by the most expert specialist to be the testimony not of a man but of a whole school, "the case is altered" fundamentally. Such candor is more notable inasmuch as it is that of the advocate who, after examining his brief, is constrained to inscribe it "No case."

Shakespeare, when all is said and done, is a man for whom biography is not able to achieve much. It leaves him largely impersonal, and no one is readier to emphasize this than his most complete biographer. We are unable to circumscribe him or to transmit a personality as his apart from his writings. Biography, perhaps, helps for a time, like other modes of pub-

licity. But in the end probably Renan is right when he ascribes anonymity to a book as the greatest ultimate advantage it can possibly have. Familiarity with the author belittles a book, and in spite of ourselves we perceive behind its most beautiful passages just another writer whose business it is to polish phrases and to combine effects. Like Montaigne, Shakespeare seems to stand at one of the world's crossways, and to owe some of his universality to the fact that here so many of the great highways of life, of past and present, seem to intersect. The mediæval and the modern, the old religion and the new; the language of Chaucer and the language of Browning. There is an impact here of the Renaissance with Catholic New England on the one side, and Protestant New England on the other.

One of the best judgments of Shakespeare I know is contained in Mr. W. T. Young's Primer. It is useless to deny that there are blemishes, spots on the sun of Shakespeare, though there are foolish worshipers who seek to deny it. It is true enough in the main, as Vauvenargues points out, that the greatest works of human wit have often the biggest faults. The snow peaks have arid wastes around them long before you get to the pleasant foothills and the smiling valleys. In much of Shakespeare's work, though not generally in his best, there is a tendency to archaism and obscurantism. He tortures language, heaps up unilluminating metaphor, puts eloquence upon the rack of rhetoric, dramatic fitness on the thumb-screw of punning repartee. The quip seems to have the same malignant power over his mind that an epigram has upon that of George Meredith. He forgets the transitoriness of the topical witticism, the prosperity of which seldom outlives the memory of a single season. He mingles character, realism and fantastic plot to an extent



which perplexes us entirely. The critics make the mistake in every age of ascribing to the authors aims of which they were entirely innocent. Shakespeare did not compose his dramas for posterity. He never published his plays. He desired for his pieces a short life but a merry one. The chief utility of an old play in his eyes was the material it offered for the manufacture of a new one. The prosperity of a play culminates at the moment when the playwright's revision of it has reached its final stage and when the actor's interpretation of it attains its highest point of perfection. Shakespeare, it may be readily believed, anticipated little satisfaction from the idea of being studied by professors and literary anatomists in future ages. He derived his pleasure from the enthusiasm or, if he could compass it, the ecstasy of the benches and galleries, the noisy elation of the groundlings, and the swollen receipts of the box office. Sir Henry Irving had a theory that he played parts like the ghost in "Hamlet" so that he could go down in the interval and assure himself on these points. In short, he wrote for the theatre of his own day. The complicated conventions of the Elizabethan drama, the sketchiness of the scenery and the fact that the actors played not in a kind of picture frame but on an "apron" stage encircled by auditors and spectators, postponed verisimilitude to declamation and demonstrative action. The people present wanted their pleasure during the two hours of actual performance. They did not want to read about it next day. They looked for dramatic intensity and emotion, they wanted to feel for themselves, not to have the coherence, the plausibility or the psychological unity of the characters adjudged by an expert critic and detective of dramatic artifice. Shakespeare knew his audiences and his actors thoroughly. The actors wanted

the latest and most currently effective type of part for themselves and for the leading boys whom they had to train—apt apprentices. The audience were not looking out for fragments of character to fit into a jig-saw puzzle as elaborately modeled as a character in a modern novel. To both audience and actors the playwright made concessions often detrimental to his work as a printed dramatist. Shakespeare had none of the iron self-restraint or deliberate economy and self-sacrifice of the conscious artist. He cared little for formal completeness or for perfect unity of effect; and he rarely consented to subordinate all his detail to his main design. The plays in which he approximated most to this concentration, such as "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Hamlet" (to a considerable extent), "Twelfth Night," and "Much Ado," are commonly deemed now to be among his best stage pieces. In an ordinary way Shakespeare was diverted perpetually from conscious artistry by his practical stage instinct. If an episode or character did not rouse his imagination he wrote well enough for his audience and was content. He sought to please his contemporaries who preferred the animation of diversified existence to the realism of logical consistency by the means that came readiest to his hand. Keep in view Shakespeare's instruments and his audience and you will realize his almost miraculous power of making his public co-operate with him, giving them of his best and thereby quite unconsciously doing his best by Art and Posterity.

Shakespeare's faults were not like those of Webster and Marlowe, the reverse side of inherent greatnesses, but were more or less inseparable from the local and immediate conditions of the *milieu* in which he worked. He wrote for a romantic stage upon which the illusion of verisimilitude counted for copper; but his greatness may be



established by a fourfold test. First by his creating of character; no other writer has peopled the earth with so large and diverse a company, haunting the memory and appealing to the affections—Chaucer, Cervantes, Sterne, Balzac, Hugo and Dickens approach perhaps most nearly. Secondly, by the sanity, loftiness and manliness of his morality, stoic in the main but inspired by sympathy, widely tolerant of frailty and exuberance, never of calculated evil, calling in very little of transcendental support or metaphysical aid at any great crisis. We may fairly say that Shakespeare sought for the highest expressions of the normal in humanity. Perfected types of the normal that is: the abnormal, the bestial, the morbid, he is willing to leave latent, the mediocrity of ordinary or lower middle normal he cares little about. Mediocrity may be complex, or tragic, or pathetic, but Shakespeare prefers the complexity of a Hamlet, the pathos of Imogen, the tragedy of Lear. The man who is dull but not dull enough to be laughable, the man whose summed virtues make up respectability, whose actions are reducible to fear, who can neither dare nor enjoy freely, is not a subject of Shakespeare's art. Thirdly, by his dramatic power in situation and emotion, whether in history, comedy or tragedy. In the great tragedies, notwithstanding defects in the fable, this intensity of power has hardly ever been approached. Fourthly, by his poetic gift, his command of rhythm, of imagery and the sense of the inner charm of words. These four notes can be set down very simply for all the world to test: characterization, morale, dramaturgy, poetry. Shakespeare's fondness for buffo and bravura, his irresistible impulse to drag in a fine passage, a lover's parting, a dawn song, a panoramic account of the ages of man, a description of Robin Goodfellow or of Queen Mab's coach, the pleading of a tender prince that his

eyes may be spared by his executioner—his strong determination to florid ornament must be set down to the taste of the age and the postulates of a drama in which fine words notably elocuted counted for more relatively by far than at the present day. A piece could not then be salvaged by a curtain, for there was no curtain. The interval then between one act and another was marked commonly by a rhymed couplet in which the sense was not unlikely to be sacrificed to the sound. In his fondness for the artificialities of the day, the extravagant compliment, the purple patch, the rhyming couplet, the indelicate double meaning, Shakespeare shows us how little universal he really is. His love of authority and contempt for the mutable rank-scented many are essentially Tudor and the-country-in-danger-from-Spain sentiments. Shakespeare's power then and now is largely a corollary of the fact that he was so perfect a representative of his age and country. Like every very great writer Shakespeare had an energetic people behind him. While uttering supremely what he himself thinks and feels he is at the same time uttering what is felt and thought most signally by the vividest minds among his contemporaries. He lived at the great, the greatest epoch of exfoliation in our history. For good and ill England was branching out in hundreds of new directions and departing from the ruts and traditions of old ways, old currents of thought, old alliances and antique forms of utterance and expression. Shakespeare was not a great innovator in thought or a diver in the deep waters of spiritual truth. *Ondoyant et divers* like old Montaigne he was a reflector of the *Sagesse et Destinée* of antiquity. Like Montaigne, he borrowed old material very freely and he began rather as an adapter of other men's work. In the early plays, as in the early essays, we see the apprentice faggotting up of divers pieces with

bands of his own devising. Gradually both mine deeply in the rich deposits of human character, though it is true that the Frenchman had little capacity for the comprehension and motive of the great passions which sweep like mountain blasts through the grander scenery of Shakespeare. The bitter disillusionment of Troilus, the self-torturing of Hamlet, the agony of Lear, the fall of Coriolanus like the crash of some storm-resisting oak, the opening heaven of woman's love, the conflict, the schemes, the sacrifice, the fears, the tenderness, the pity of the master-plays—these things are not for Master Montaigne. When his activities were at their highest degree of potency Shakespeare was capable of transfiguring every ounce of material that he borrowed and raising it to an incredibly higher power. He was indeed a phrase magician, a master of language and a word-master of supreme endowment. As was I think the case with our greatest prose-masters, Scott and Swift, and perhaps Bunyan, his art was consistently more of the subconscious than the self-conscious order. His literary work, conceived as he pursued a round of avocations that would have monopolized the energy of an ordinary successful man of talent, must have found expression and taken form without extraordinary elaboration, with a perfectly amazing rapidity. He was evidently a man of the world, of business and pleasure, and no undistinguished suitor of the favors and benefits of the highest in the land. His Atlas load of brain power and the brain activity which it necessitated he bore apparently without a single groan of self-pity. To the exhaustion incident upon preliminary labors, which has sterilized so many men of first-rate literary talent, he was obviously a stranger. Of the seclusion which so many deem indispensable to the performance of rigorous intellectual labor he was manifestly oblivious. The *daimon* (re-

ferred to in the epitaph *Genio Socratem*) which prompted him to work of such quantity and quality must have been cogent indeed. As with Sir Walter Scott or Napoleon, the ostensible pretext (even to himself) for an amount of effort that may well seem almost superhuman was the alleged necessity of building up a property, an ancestral mansion or an empire in each case for phantom heirs to inherit. In each case, in strict reality, the work must have been its own stimulus and its achievement the main, truly substantial reward. As in the case of Scott, we have contemporary evidence which seems to us to point decisively to Shakespeare's exceptional sociability and to the sweetness and serenity of his temper. Apart from his work, however, there is no necessity for believing that Shakespeare was in the ordinary traffic of human intercourse (any more than Scott) a preternaturally brilliant man. Fuller's brilliant word picture of Ben Jonson as conversationally a solid high built Spanish galleon and Shakespeare as a trim English man of war taking advantage of every wind and sailing round and round his adversary by sheer quickness of wit and invention was, we must remember, a purely imaginary one printed after the restoration in 1660. Had Shakespeare really excelled so greatly in conversation as his great contemporary Jonson or Ben's still more illustrious namesake, the incomparable Doctor of a later age, we could hardly have failed to have specific reference to such a talent. Ben Jonson, for instance, in his "Timber" (published in 1641) in which he so cordially praised his old rival as honest and of an open nature, a man to be loved and his memory honored on this side of idolatry, never thinks of comparing him as a talker with Bacon, whose discourse was such that a hearer could not cough or look aside from him without loss. In Shakespeare's case, as in that

of so many typical men of letters, we are prepared to believe that the faculty of expression was by a subtle alchemy transmuted, and the man himself transfigured as it were in the alembic of composition.

Shakespeare in the final analysis emerges an utterly impersonal author about whose incarnation we have no sure testimony insulated in a main of bibliography; he is shrouded in mists at the summit—a peak of Teneriffe. We can read almost any amount we like about Shakespeare's evolution as a dramatic artist; of Shakespeare as the greatest exponent of the Amorist school of poets; of the apocryphal plays said to be in part written by him; of the forged documents falsely ascribed to his initiative; of his efficiency as humorist, sportsman, lawyer, lyricist, Protestant, Catholic, Grecian and Trojan, prose-master and metrist, spiritualist and materialist, soldier and sailor, realist and romanticist.

But when we want to tear the veil away from Shakespeare the man, we find ourselves confronted with litigation and deeds of conveyance, musty parchments bearing alleged but illegible signatures and sepulchral monuments, considerably disfigured or discredited by the sophisticated hand of the so-called restorer. Legend itself is almost consistently frugal, and the most exhaustive of the bard's biographers admits that he is sorry, but that he has been through it all and that all our efforts to immortalize a personal Shakespeare are bound to be frustrated. The dramatic work is essentially impersonal and fails to betray the author's idiosyncrasies. The "Sonnets" which alone of his literary work have been widely credited with self-portraiture, give a potent illusion of genuine introspection, but they rarely go farther in the way of autobiography than to illustrate the poet's readiness to accept the conventional bonds which attached

a poet to a great patron. His literary practices and aims were those of contemporary men of letters, and the difference in the quality of his work and theirs was due to no conscious endeavor on his part to act otherwise than they, but to the magic and involuntary working of his genius. He seemed unconscious of his marvelous superiority to his professional comrades. This may help to explain his undoubted popularity among them. Shakespeare's own most popular and most famous character "Hamlet" is a chameleon. No two critics have interpreted him alike. Some maintain that Hamlet inculcates the superiority of action over reflection, others that it represents the primeval hero *vis à vis* with Christianity, others that it is a drama of event and means nothing, others that the piece is a sort of charade meaning *Ham let* or prevented from calling itself Bacon. The puzzle is to find Shakespeare here or in Falstaff, Iago, Laertes or Lady Macbeth. Some hold that he must have been a woman.

An unquestionable characteristic of Shakespeare's art is its impersonality. The plain and positive references in the plays to Shakespeare's personal experiences, either at Stratford-on-Avon or London, are rare and fragmentary, and nowhere else can we point with confidence to any autobiographic revelations.

"As a dramatist Shakespeare lay under the obligation of investing a great crowd of characters with all phases of sentiment and passion, and no critical test has yet been found whereby to disentangle Shakespeare's personal feelings or opinions from these which he imputes to the creatures of his dramatic wand. It was contrary to Shakespeare's dramatic aim to label or catalogue in drama his private sympathies or antipathies. The most psychological English poets and a dramatic artist of no mean order, Robert Browning, bluntly declared that Shakespeare ne'er

so little at any point in his work "left his bosom's gate ajar." Even in the "Sonnets" lyric emotion seemed to Browning to be transfused by dramatic instinct. It is possible to deduce from his plays a broad practical philosophy which is alive with an active moral sense. But we seek in vain for any self-evident revelation of personal experience of emotion or passion." This seems a balanced statement as judicial as well informed. Shakespeare who has transmitted so many live characters to us has left out his own. By a happy turn he managed to reconcile two things

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generally regarded as incompatible—general recognition from the public and complete privacy for himself. We cannot attach ourselves to his memory as we do to that of an Oliver Goldsmith or a Charles Lamb. He may have been as pious as Wordsworth, as serenely Olympian as Goethe or as naughty as Byron. We celebrate him today not as being or having been the manner of man he was, for as to that we are uncertain, but as having been the author who of all others, say we, with some justifiable pride, has done the most to celebrate human nature.

Thomas Seccombe.

## WITH THE FRENCH ARMIES.

(Concluded.)

### III.

#### THE BATTERY.

We had left our car at the foot of a hill. It was a glorious morning, there had been a frost overnight, the sun shone, and, as we climbed the wooded slopes, little chandeliers of moisture sparkled upon the larches. Here and there lichen and mistletoe made patches of delicate green and gray upon the bare trees, the shoots of the ash were tipped with black, and some premature buds were already tufted with silky down. There was a hint of early spring in the air although the month of January had hardly run its course. Our woodland path was bordered by a gutter as neatly cut and shaped as though a bricklayer had been at work upon the chalk with line and trowel; between its walls ran the four wires of a field-telephone. The blue smoke of a wood-fire floated up into the air over a coppice of firs in front of us, and as we suddenly plunged into the middle of it we came upon a gravel-pit. It was the home of the gunners. They had burrowed like a colony of sand-martens;

little cabins of rough-hewn logs were built into its friable walls. Daffodils and violets were blooming in beds of moss at the entrance of each habitation, the floor of the pit was carpeted with fir-needles, and a staircase of split fir-logs gave access to the amphitheatre. The gunners were smoking pipes in front of their cabins, and one of them was whistling the air of "Rosalie." It might have been the setting for a pastoral play and all the gunners merely players.

An officer of the battery with three silver galons upon his coat welcomed us heartily. We were the only visitors he had had for months, except the owl, the hawk, and the jay, who are having the time of their lives, for today game-keepers in France neither "preserve" game nor shoot it, and Nature is left to fight her own battles while men fight theirs. Now and again in the silence of the night the gunners hear a shrill cry: it is the stoat and the weasel out on patrol at their bloody work among the rabbits whose earth-works surrounded us on all sides. But it was the truce of day, and nothing stirred about us.



"*Mais certainement,*" the battery officer answered, as my staff-captain politely asked him to show us his field-guns, and, brushing aside the supple ash-stems which whipped our faces as he preceded us along devious ways, we came out upon a small clearing. On the edge of it stood a gun emplacement of logs roofed over with moss and turf, and its sides screened with brushwood. As we stooped and entered, six gunners and a *sous-officier*, rose and suddenly sprang to the salute. But it was the gun, painted a delicate blue, that held my gaze. It was my first view of that wondrous weapon whose prowess has already passed into history and whose career has taken on the lustre of epic and romance. Like the sword of Roland, the "*Soixante-Quinze*" has already acquired a kind of mystical significance, myth and folk-lore have clustered round her, Théodore Botrel and all the chansonniers have sung her, savants have risen up to call her blessed,

Chers amis de tous grades, lonla,  
Chers amis de tous grades,  
Chantons nos camarades, lonla,  
Chantons nos camarades  
Les vaillants artificiers.  
Vive le Soixante-Quinze  
La terreur des Pruscoats  
Vive le "Ramailho"!

Her very origin has become epic, men dispute passionately, like scholars upon the text of a medieval *chanson de geste*, as to her authorship and whether Deport or Ramailho or Claire Deville has the better claim to the glory of her. But in truth like all great epics she is the inspiration of a dozen minds, working under a common impulse, and moved by a common emotion. She is the efflorescence of a time of patriotic apprehension, when artificers in their workshops, chemists in their laboratories, and gunners upon their practice-grounds were all in search of an inspiration. Workshops wrangle for the pride of her,

and who shall decide whether Bourges or Puteaux has the better claim? But in this Homeric controversy all the antagonists are agreed that to the Commandant Deport is due the glory of her hydro-pneumatic brake, and that General Claire Deville and Colonel Ramailho share the pride of her *dé bouchoir*. But she will always preserve something of the anonymity of all great works of art.

"Yes," said the battery officer with whom we had been discussing this higher criticism, "there's a good deal of mystery about her. Carefully cultivated mystery, you understand. You see, we were at work upon her as early as 1891, and the Boche got to know—it's a way he has—that there was something in the wind. You know their way, they and their spies study the private life of every one of us in the belief that every man has his price. If it's a weakness for women they hope to blackmail him, if it's a passion for gambling to ruin him, if he's insolvent they tempt him. Then they hint that for a consideration—a chart, a design, a pattern—they'll relieve his difficulties. Just a small thing, you know—they're much too acute to ask one man for the whole; they prefer to ask a dozen different men for the parts. A man may swallow a gnat where he would strain at a camel; to give away the design of an elevating gear, for example, seems a much more venial offense than to tell the secret of a whole gun. A weak man will console himself with the thought that he's given away nothing very material. Is it not so? Well, that was their game. They had a fellow named Schwarzkoppen, Herr—Oberst—Graf—von—Schwarzkoppen," said the battery officer, dwelling upon the name as though he took a mischievous pleasure in recalling it. "What you call an ass, though a clever ass in his way. He was always fishing in troubled waters; some of us suspected him of being at the



bottom of the Dreyfus affair. Well, he heard that one of the designers at our arsenal was up to his neck in debt and he tempted him. It took a long time; the designer put him off more than once, which, of course, only made him all the more eager. And at last the designer, whom we'll call X, succumbed. He gave Schwarzkoppen plans; Schwarzkoppen gave him money. And then more money in exchange for more plans."

"But what a dirty thing for X to do!" I said impulsively.

The battery officer smiled. "Not at all," he said.

"You astonish me," I replied. "What do you mean?"

"*Eh bien!* He gave him the wrong plans," he explained pleasantly. "He wasn't in debt at all, and, what is more, he was a *bon Français*. He communicated these overtures to the Chiefs of the Ordnance Department, and together they laid a trap for Herr Oberst Graf von Schwarzkoppen. They prepared plans for him—excellent plans, true down to the last detail. Only, you see, they were the plans of an invention we had rejected. It was the old cannon Ducros. And we had already adopted the cannon Deport."

"That was very neat," I said.

"Yes, wasn't it? And it isn't the whole of it. Early in 1896 the military authorities arranged a kind of dress parade of a 'new' gun. They made a great fuss of it, and impressed upon everybody what a secret it was. In fact they communicated that secret to as many people as possible. Of course, it reached the long ears of Herr Oberst Graf von Schwarzkoppen, as it was meant to do. Because, you see, the 'new' gun was the rejected invention, the cannon Ducros. Five of these guns were put *en route* for the artillery-ground with much solemnity. But somehow one of them has got lost on the way."

"Lost on the way? A field-gun! It's like losing an elephant."

"Quite so. But, you see, we meant to lose it. And we meant the Germans to find it. They did, and took the foundling across the frontier with the most elaborate secrecy. It was a good gun—the Germans soon saw that—only the point was we had a better one. So the Boche adopted the gun. Meanwhile all the world, including even the *rapporteur* of our own Army Estimates, was under the impression that we had adopted it too. Only we hadn't. We had substituted for the cannon Ducros the cannon Deport. There it is, you see."

As I gazed at this mysterious and legendary field-gun, its clinometer and bubble-case shining like a ship's brass-work in the rays of the sun which filtered through the fir-logs, I understood something of the pride with which the battery officer gazed upon her. The gun-section put her through her paces, and she seemed to respond to every touch like a needle on a dial. On the gun-carriage, immobilized by the wheel-shoes and the trail, the length of which is perfectly proportioned to the force of the recoil in order to prevent her "prancing," the gun, at a touch of the "directing" gear, traversed the field of fire from left to right like the seconds-hand of a watch describing a half-minute on the face.

"Lay her on the register," said the battery officer to the N.C.O., "and when we get to the observation-post I'll telephone to you to fire. It's the village of X—," he said to us by way of explanation; "we shall be able to see the shell explode from the observation-post."

The N.C.O., whose face seemed curiously immobile, turned to his section and gave a few short, sharp words of command. He took a shell from a kind of steel cabinet—it was the *caisson* of the gun—containing about a

hundred pigeon-holes into which were fitted a hundred shells with their brass bases arranged like a row of discs. He took the shell and fitted its ogival head into a hole in the punching-machine. The air was still, there was no wind and no fog, and he did not touch the "corrector." But he turned the lever until he got the range on the dial-plate, and then punched the fuse at the required time-length. His men took their places; the *pointeur* in a little saddle on the left side of the gun, behind the shield; the *tireur* on the right. The former moved the elevating gear until, guided by the "bubble," he had put on the angle of sight. A movement of the ancillary gear added the angle of fire. The *tireur* opened the eccentric door which closes the breech and slipped the shell in; the *chargeur* stood ready to pull the lanyard. There was an orchestral perfection about their collaboration; the movements of the gunners seemed almost as automatic as the gun itself.

"It's a pity we're going to see the explosion and not the discharge," I remarked ignorantly. "I should have liked to see how the brake works."

"You'll never see that," he explained. "The gun doesn't wear its secrets on its sleeve. The brake is concealed in that box. It's a delicate little affair of ball-bearings, glycerine in a solution of water, and compressed air. The gun runs to and fro on slides with the aid of the ball-bearings; the liquid acts as a buffer, the air as a spring. She moves as true as a piston-rod. You fire, she recoils, and before you can say "Pouf" it's a case of "As you were." That's why we can put in such rapid fire. She can fire twenty rounds a minute. Now let's make for the observation-post."

We emerged from the emplacement, and plunging through another brake of firs and brambles we came out upon the very crest of the hill. In the open space there stood a tripod surmounted by a dial-plate. I gazed at it curiously.

"It's an *alidade*," said the battery officer. "For getting the position of the Boche aeroplanes. You pick out points on the map and get the angle made by the aeroplane between them. Ah! here we are."

On the edge of the hill, which here sloped precipitously down into a valley, was another low *abri*. We entered it and found ourselves in a rude hut with a long low opening at about the level of our chins. I gazed out over a smiling landscape dotted with farms and *châteaux*. In the immediate foreground, about two miles away, were the huddled roofs of a village. "You see that line of poplars?" said my companion. "That's the German lines. The village is in their hands. I suspect it's a battalion headquarters. Anyhow, we'll dust it up in a moment or two. Their trenches lie just in front of it."

"Shall we ever break through?" I asked.

"Who knows?" he answered doubtfully, as we tried to make out that long scar upon the soil of the *patrie* which runs from the Alps to Flanders. "You see, this war is like no other war in history. For two reasons. The enemy's lines are too long and too flexible to do more than 'bulge' them. They're long because of the enormous number of 'effectives' that are brought into the field today; they're flexible because they are made of earth. In the old days of compact armies and stone forts one's artillery might decide a campaign. But today, if your guns smash up the enemy's trenches they can construct some more to the rear in a few hours; in fact, they're always doing it. Besides, a line of trenches isn't such an easy thing to hit. It's all very well to talk about gunners being able to baste a blue-bottle at five or ten thousand mètres. But every gunner knows that he has to reckon on a constant margin of error—fifty mètres *plus* or *minus*, 'short' or 'wide,' at those distances, to say

nothing of the variable factor of the atmosphere."

He pointed out to me one object after another in the landscape, who owned this château and that farmhouse, what was the name of this copse and the history of that church, for in this fair Province he had been born, and he looked on it with the wistfulness of an exile.

"Do you ever get any news from over there?" I asked. He shook his head. "No. We can only guess what's happening to our people. They might as well be in a dungeon. It's only when the Boche is pushed back that we get to know. Round Revigny for example."

"Revigny?"

"Yes, Revigny. That was the happy hunting-ground of the Crown Prince and his Army—it's their Fifth Army, you know—until we pushed them back. Well, the whole zone of his occupation is blackened with the trail of the incendiary. They systematically burned out every village from Triancourt to Revigny."

He turned to the telephone. "Is No. 2 laid on the register?"

"Yes? Report when ready! *Bien!* Fire!"

We waited for the shell spinning somewhere in the air above us as it left the grooves of the distant gun and went whistling on its errand.

I scanned the village behind the poplars. At length a sheet of flame arose in the roof of one of the houses; it was followed by a cloud of smoke.

"And you have to train your guns on your own homesteads!" I said pensively.

"Yes," he said gravely. "*C'est la guerre*. By the way, did you notice that *sous-officier* in charge of No. 2?"

"Yes," I said. "The expression on his face rather struck me. I mean when you told them to lay the gun on the village some ten minutes ago."

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"Did it?" he replied meditatively. "I don't wonder. You see, that village is his home."

#### IV.

#### CHANSONS DE GESTE.

We were to visit some hill-trenches in Champagne held by the —th Regiment, a famous regiment of the line whose courage is only equaled by their wit. They are Girondins, men whose homes are in the "landes" which lie about Bordeaux, watered by the Garonne. The prospect of meeting them pleased me mightily, for I was already acquainted with the Rabelaisian pages of their regimental sheet *l'Echo des Guilounes*, which boasts itself to be a "*Revue politique, économique, fantaisiste et intermittente*," issued to all *Poilus* on a free list and obtainable by civilians on presentation of a parcel for the men in the trenches—it is cheap at the price. The *Echo des Guilounes* it was which, hearing that the civilians complained that the War was long and the waiting tedious, victuals dear, taxes insupportable, and the weather unkind, founded a "*League of Poilus for the Comfort of Civilians*," a happy inspiration based upon the intuition common to all armies in the field, British as well as French, that the hard lot of the civilian at home and his propensity to "grouse" demands all the first-aid that the soldier can provide. Hence the production of a trench newspaper the chief object of which appears to be to console the petulant civilian for not sharing with the *Poilus* the joys of the trenches. Also I knew something of the temperament of the Girondin; he has the daring of the Gascon without his vanity, the stubbornness of the Breton without his sadness, the intrepidity of the Norman without his caution. He regards himself as the superior of the Champenois in intelligence—will he not tell you that "*Quatre-vingt-dix-neuf moulons et un Champenois font cent bêtes*"?—and of the

Picard in canniness—the Picard, as one knows, on being told his house is on fire always answers “No matter, I have got the key in my pocket.” From all of which it will be perceived that the Girondin is a man of parts. Also I knew that the —th Regiment boasted a *chansonnier*. But of him more anon.

Having paid our respects to the General of the Army Corps at his Headquarters, which were sumptuously furnished with a deal table, two chairs, and a map, we motored due north and eventually left our car by the wayside. About two miles north of us was a bold escarpment of chalk, and between it and us in the valley was a wood. Here we split up into groups of two and two, about a hundred mètres apart. We followed a sunken lane, and I noticed that on either side of us the poplars had been rudely shivered as though by lightning. Where the wood grew thinner, and our road more exposed, a screen of brushwood about six feet high had been improvised, so as to mask the approach. At the end of it the road fell sharply and we found ourselves in a village where a *Poilu* was washing his shirt in a trough. We walked up the street of the village; two houses out of every three had been reduced to pulp. In and out of every third women went to and fro; some of them smiled at us and waved their hands. And here we met the colonel of the battalion who was expecting us. “What are the women doing here?” I asked involuntarily as soon as introductions were completed. “Where else should they be, Monsieur?” replied the colonel; “you see there is the land to be tilled and the cows to be milked.” “But are they not afraid?” I asked as I looked at the wreckage around us.

“Les femmes de France, n’ont pas peur!” replied the colonel simply.

We made our way to the big house of the village, or rather to its cellars, for the house had fallen and great was the

fall of it. Which led me to reflect on two things about the newer *maisons de campagne* in the East of France: one that the superstructure is always light, the other that the cellars are always massive. The French have had a habit of building that way since “the year seventy.” And now I understood why. But after this War they will build for all time, for they have resolved to seek peace and ensue it—such a peace that the Hun will cease from troubling. The cellars were the headquarters of the officers of the battalion, and here we exchanged our caps for shrapnel helmets of thin steel, painted a pale-blue, and exceedingly light in weight. Leaving the village, we skirted a farmhouse wall and passed a little cemetery of wooden crosses—here lay some fifty or a hundred men of the battalion, their graves decorated with plain tin-foil wreaths—the humble tribute of their comrades. “Mes enfants,” said the colonel with a kind of wistful pride, as I stopped to read the inscriptions. “Yes, he was a brave lad, that one; he had been recommended for the *Médaille militaire*. We all loved him.”

And now, as we climbed the slopes of the chalk escarpment, I could see that it was carved out into three terraces, one above the other, and numerous figures moved to and fro on the face of the white chalk, which seemed suddenly alive with men. It was as though one were gazing at a Welsh quarry except that the ledges were uniform, straight, and pierced with holes, at regular intervals. “Those are our three lines of trenches,” explained the colonel. “You’ve never seen trenches like those in Flanders. You see we hold one side of the hill, the Germans hold the other, and we look at each other over the ridge. It’s as if two tilers on each side of a steeply-pitched roof were looking at each other over the top. We just hang on to those steep sides like



cats." And, indeed, that hillside was curiously like the high-gabled roof of a Flemish *hôtel de ville*, with dug-outs perched in rows upon its steep sides like so many dormer-windows.

Our approach was by a zigzag road which ran up the slopes until it met the cover-trenches. On the way we passed the *Poste de secours* and the kitchens. The colonel, one of his company-officers, and myself looked in for a moment.

"Attention! *Fixe!*" exclaimed the stentorian voice of the cook-corporal, and all the *cuisiniers* sprang to the salute. Huge iron cauldrons bubbled over wood-fires, and the walls were bright with the tin *marmites* with which the soup is carried hot into the trenches.

"What have you got for the men today?" said the colonel as the cook-corporal whipped off the cover of one of his cauldrons.

"Singe"—pardon, du bœuf et de la soupe, mon colonel," said the corporal respectfully. You only call the bully-beef "monkey" when the colonel's back is turned.

"Bien!" said the colonel, and we passed on.

"How long have you been here?" I asked. "Fifteen months! The men must find it very tedious."

"Not so, M'sieu! You see, they are *paysans* and they know how to wait. We are a nation of peasants, you know. The real France is not, as tourists used to think, '*les Folies Bergères*.' Besides, my men know they are fighting for the soil over there!" and he pointed with a comprehensive gesture to "les terres meurtries," the martyred lands under the enemy's hoof-like heel.

"La terre." Always "la terre." To those who know the strength of the French peasant's filial passion for his mother-earth those words of the colonel will convey the secret of his tenacity. Is not "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmark" the first and most solemn commandment in the peasant's

Decalogue? The Hun has broken it. Let him look to it, for there is a wrath to come.

We clambered up steep bridle-paths, and were now in these one-sided trenches. The dug-outs were built very deep—it is a way the French *Poilu* has. The floors of our own dug-outs in Flanders are usually flush with the floor of the trenches. But the Frenchman seems to prefer a basement to the ground-floor in his trench-architecture, so that as you pass along his trenches faces suddenly emerge disconcertingly at your feet and look up at you like a weasel in a ditch. Arrived at the crest of the hill in the fire-trenches we entered a *poste de commandement*, a low hut which commanded a view of the crest of the hill. We lowered our voices as we looked out upon a No Man's Land so thick with barbed-wire as to resemble a field of thistles. It seemed as though the whole clearing had been sewn with iron. A flanking trench ran out from our fire-trench, making an obtuse angle with it of about 120 degrees, and at the extreme point of it, where a cloud of starlings were settled on the wire, I saw what looked like a scarecrow. Tatters of cloth hung from the wire.

"What is that?" I asked.

"A Boche," said my guide grimly, "or rather it was once. They made a surprise attack about dusk one morning, but they never got near us; our *mitrailleuses* saw to that. And one or two of them got caught in the barbed-wire and left there. We heard them shrieking with pain all night. Of course we should have liked to get them in, but the Boches gave us no chance; they kept up a steady fusillade from their trenches after they had been beaten back as if to spite us. The Boche won't rescue his own wounded and won't let anybody else do so. They won't even bury their own dead if they can help it. I wonder whether



that's why there are so many ravens about this year," he added meditatively. "And you know the Boches have no respect for stretcher-bearers. So the poor wretches had to be left where they were. Yes, of course, a painful death."

I gazed at those pitiful rags as they swayed slightly in the wind—they reminded me of the wretched birds of prey on a gamekeeper's gibbet. And there came into my mind those terribly plaintive lines of Villon's *Ballade des Pendus*:

Quant de la chair, que trop avons  
nourrie,  
Elle est pièce dévorée et pourrie,  
Et nous, les os, devenons cendre et  
poudre.  
De nostre mal personne ne s'en rie  
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous vueille  
absoudre.

"What's that?" said the colonel as the company officer in the observation-post said something to him. "A noise in a German sap-head! Where? Oh, there! Hum, wonder what they're up to now. Well, telephone back to the battery to lay a 'piece' on Z. 26. That's about the spot, isn't it?" he remarked as he scanned a map like a jig-saw puzzle on the wall of the hut. "We'd better clear out of the fire-trenches," he said to me.

As we descended to the second-line trenches there was a flutter over our heads and a loud report, followed by a cloud of white smoke, on the crest of the ridge. "That'll keep them quiet for a bit. You want to see our *chanson-nier*? Good! Lieutenant — will take you to him."

The lieutenant and myself, however, first digressed to pay a call on the *crapouillot* and its keepers. The *crapouillot*, like the toad, from which it takes its name, is ugly and venomous and, like the animal in the fable, *très méchant*, for when the Germans attack it defends itself very vigorously. For

every bomb hurled at it by the Boche it sends two in return. We found its lair in a deep pit—quite fifteen feet deep—and as we gazed down at it squatting on its iron haunches and looking up at us with its truncated howitzer-like head the metaphor of its name struck me as both apt and pungent. It had an extremely wicked expression. On either side of it, holding it in leash, stood two gunners with long black beards. "A useful thing, that," I remarked pensively.

"Mais oui, M'sieu," and he only weighs forty kilos," said one.

"And can throw a bomb five hundred mètres," chanted the other.

"She's so tame a *pépère*\* could manage her," added the first.

"You should see the *ramdam* she makes when we lob a bomb into the face of Fritz," cooed the second.

"He can make a hole fifteen mètres high," interjected Number One.

"Big enough to hold a horse and cart," responded Number Two.

"As big as a monkey-box's,"† added both in a symphony of praise as they looked up at us from the bottom of the pit.

They appeared to regard this fearsome thing much as a Yorkshireman regards his "tyke," an undergraduate his bull-dog, a collier his greyhound, a dalesman his sheep-dog, and they invited me to select any spot I liked on the terrain in front of us and were prepared to put their money, at any odds in *sous*, on the chances of the *crapouillot* distinguishing himself. But the lieutenant, out of a misplaced solicitude for me, would have none of it. "It'll only draw the enemy's fire on us," he explained; "let's get on to our *chanson-nier*." The *Poilus* said not a word, but they looked very melancholy.

"The fact is," said my escort, who spoke perfect English, "I have to put their *crapouillot* on rations, iron rations

\* "*Pépère*" is trench slang for a territorial.  
† "*Boîte de singe*" is the name given by the *Poilus* to the shells from the German "77."

*bien entendu*, or they'd let him eat his head off and his inside would get red-hot with gastric inflammation. Those two men dote on their trench-mortar. They are never happy except when they're letting him off."

We passed along the terrace and found the *Poilus* busy with pickaxe and spade upon its sticky surface. The names of the dug-outs betrayed a variety of emotions, some belligerent, some erotic, others satiric—"Villa Revanche," "Villa Venus," "Villa The-Boche." A small tram-line with a two-foot gauge ran along it and communicated with the battalion headquarters in the village below. "If you were to read the Paris newspapers," said the lieutenant plaintively, "you'd think we spent all our time playing cards. It looks like it, doesn't it? Ah! here's our *chansonnier*," and he introduced to me a short, bearded infantryman, who suddenly saluted and stood to attention. "He's a merry soul and keeps us all in good spirits. In fact, he claims to be a friend and pupil of Théodore Botrel."

Théodore Botrel is the great troubadour of the day; like your medieval minstrels, he sings ballads of his own composition to the *Poilus* at the depot, in hospital, and even in the trenches, and an enterprising Minister of War in a moment of inspiration has had him gazetted "*Chansonnier des Armées*." It is said that he can even make a Breton laugh, which is not so surprising, for he is a Breton himself, and, what is more remarkable, he can bring tears to the eyes of a Norman. He can be lyrical, as in "*Rosalie*," satirical, as in "*Kolos-sal*," and elegiac, as in "*Nous pleurons*." But he is happiest when inventing a lilting chorus which makes his audience keep step like the taps of a drum.

"Which is the best *chanson*?" I asked the pupil of Théodore Botrel. It was a question I had put many times in many places, and, as might be ex-

pected, the answers were never the same. A regiment of Provençals, from the great plain of the Languedoc and the olive-clad hills of the Cevennes, whom I met in the trenches of the City of Solitude, had plumped for that joyous thing "*La Toulousaino*":

O moun pais', ô Toulouso, Toulouso,  
and certainly it is sweeter than honey in the honeycomb. But the *Poilus* in the beershop had voted for that noble march "*Sambre et Meuse*." And a little old woman who was teaching school-children in the wine-cellars of Rheims gave it me as her opinion that her pupils preferred "*Les Clochettes de France*." And my staff-officer had stoutly spoken up for Deroulède's "*Le Clairon*." If I were enfranchised I should give my vote for "*La Messe au Camp*." But the Girondin did not hesitate. "*La meilleure chanson! 'La Lettre dans le Tricot'!*"

I had never heard of it. "Will you sing it?" I asked. "Oui, M'sieu!" he replied simply. And in a clear tenor voice, while a shell from the "*Soixante-quinze*," whistled over our heads, he sang. It was a song of inexpressible wistfulness: a song in which a girl pours out her heart to the unknown object of her bounty, as she slips a letter into the parcel containing the *tricot*\* which she has knitted with her own hands for the soldier in the trenches:

Petit soldat, en terminant ma lettre,  
Je crois de tout mon cœur,  
Que ce tricot, que l'on va te remettre,  
Te portera bonheur!  
Tu peux sans crainte affronter la mit-  
raille,  
En son pouvoir j'ai fait . . .  
En tricotant, en comptant chaque  
maille  
J'ai tant prié pour toi.

A group of soldiers, leaning on their spades, their blue uniforms bleached with chalk, their ammunition boots

\*A "sweater" or woolen vest.

crusted with soil, stood round us and listened intently. As the last notes quavered away on the air silence fell upon us all. The sun was sinking low over the far horizon, the air grew very cold. And in the deepening twilight upon that lonely hill I looked into homesick eyes.

## V.

## JEANNE D'ARC.

We had left Epernay in the early morning and driven through the vineyards of Champagne, over gently undulating hills where women and boys stooped among thickets of bare vine-stakes dressing the earth for the green promise of spring and the purple splendor of autumn's fruition. As we drove into Rheims we passed up the deserted approach to the cathedral between closed and shuttered houses whose walls were pitted with rude abrasions as though palaeolithic man had been dressing the surface of the stone. The shells had, indeed, fallen everywhere, and as we neared the cathedral front, whose three portals were now protected by banks of sandbags, I saw with dismay that that exquisite company of saints and angels who for six centuries had held divine colloquy in the left angle of the north door had been broken and destroyed. In the anguish of Saint Nicaise, the martyr, there must have been a mournful accentuation, for his guardian angel, the *Sourire de Reims*, whose smile, so suave, so comforting, so full of tender mystery, had whispered *Sursum Corda* to generations of men, was gone. The beautiful head had disappeared, and nothing was left but the wings, now even more volatile in their poise, and the exquisite drapery folded across her bosom. As we skirted the south side I thought that the leering gargoyles on the flying buttresses had never looked more malicious. Did this bestiary of medieval fancy rejoice that the noble edifice, to whose support

the medieval mind so rightly subdued their vile nature, had, after their centuries of servitude, crumbled about them?

And yet, as we entered the nave, it seemed to me that the last word was not with diabolism, for the great church was still noble in her devastation. The stained glass was gone—only the window of the southern transept, shedding pencils of blue light, remained to attest its harmonies of color; the statuary of the interior on the north and south sides of the west door had been so defaced that, where it had once been, the walls resembled nothing so much as a granite quarry upon which rude tools had been at work. The devout knight in chain-mail taking the Communion and the benign priest administering it were both gone. Yet the vaulting still stood, and the great piers which supported it were intact, their bases alone showing some erosion as though a mighty wave had broken against them in vain. Not a rib of the vaulting was displaced, not a capital of the piers had lost its tendrils of vine or oak-leaf, the vine-grower was still pruning the vine, and the quatre-foils of the tracery preserved their fragile purity.

Much, indeed, is gone, but much remains. The tapestries have been spirited away, the sacred vessels have been taken into custody, and what is left is sadly defaced. Yet enough remains to attest that a great man planned and that a school of cunning craftsmen executed. So long as one pier remains upon its pedestal the rude discords of war cannot altogether subdue this symphony of stone. The harmonies of its nave and aisles and apsidal chapels remain:

Heard melodies are sweet, but those  
unheard  
Are sweeter.

The play of its lateral lights, the shadows  
of its vaults, the exquisite lines of its

triforium, vibrate in the mind of the pensive spectator like the music of *Il Penseroso*. It enshrines the whole of the medieval history of France; and not alone the pomp and circumstance of her kings but the patient husbandry of her people. For the chisel of the craftsmen sought its inspiration not less in the unwritten lives of the poor than in the annals of the kings and the hagiography of the saints. Just as they took their flora from the fields of Champagne, so they sought their subjects in the pursuits of its peasantry and their models among one another. It is a democracy of stone wherein the mason himself is exalted, and the hilarious caricatures of plebeian types in the southern transept protest that in the great republic of medieval craftsmen the worker himself might claim his niche of stone if only to decorate a buttress. So that in this great stone chronicle one seems to meet not only Joinville but Jean de Venette, not merely Froissart but Villon. Rogues keep company with kings, devils with saints, peasants with knights, acolytes with bishops, laymen with clerks. The free play of the sculptor's fancy has given us a company of medieval types as catholic as the *Canterbury Tales*, and every one of them is individualized. Even the celestial beings are humanized; no more winning angels ever looked down from their pedestals. The Virgin herself is, in the words of Rodin, "la vraie femme française."

The glorious company of the saints, the goodly fellowship of the apostles, have, it is true, suffered a new and perhaps a less resurgent martyrdom. Whether the loving care of the sacristans and the solicitude of the Ministry of Fine Arts will be able to restore them, who shall say? But in a room hard by—all that remains of the Bishop's Palace—their bruised and battered remains are preserved as in a reliquary. Here I saw the head of her who was once the Sou-

rire de Reims, blinded as though by lightning but still wearing that grave and mysterious smile. It was a strange spectacle—that jealously guarded sanctuary in which were laid out, as though for burial, austere figures of stone—kings whose regal majesty had been insulted, bishops whose sanctity had been profaned, keeping company with a headless gargoyle calf and grinning devil from a water-shoot. Death, which lays "his icy hand" on kings, had not spared their majestic effigies and, though art is long and life is fleeting, it seemed that here Art itself had suffered the common fate of men. Perhaps the new faith which has touched the new France to finer issues will again inspire the chisel of the craftsman. If he needs models he has but to look around him among the sons of men. For has not Viollet-le-Duc told us that these exquisite creations of the medieval sculptor were modeled upon the sons and daughters of Champagne, and that they are but "un type de jeune Champenois idéalisé," having nothing in common with the classical head of Greece? The high and wide forehead, the long eyes with their frank open gaze under arched eyebrows, the small nose, the delicate chin—these are to be found in the fields and the vineyards around us. "To idealize the elements which surround us—this is the true rôle of statuary, and not tediously to reproduce time after time the head of the Venus de Milo."

So spoke the great architect; and what better or more inspiring counsel could be given us? For assuredly to idealize the women of France as they come and go about their household ministries, to admire their fortitude, and to bow one's head before their blithe and eager spirit is the most enduring lesson that I have carried away with me from France. As I looked at the equestrian statue of *Jeanne d'Arc*, raising her standard to the heavens in



front of the desecrated cathedral, still unscathed amid the ruin around her, she seemed to me to impersonate the women of France. I met her spiritual descendants everywhere—in the little old woman whom I found keeping school in the dark wine vaults of the town, teaching the *chansons* of France to children who come and go with their little respirator masks as an anodyne against the asphyxiating shells falling always amid the shadows of the town; I met her in the *patronne* of our hotel, who still remained at her post and answered my inquiries about the daily hurricane of shells with a "*cest l'habitude, M'sieu*" of indomitable simplicity; in the women toiling in the fields, who, like Jeanne, are "*hardie de chevaucher chevaux et les mener boire*"; and not less in those quiet souls, living frugally on a separation allowance of a franc a day, whose untiring fingers knit the *tricots* for the *Poilus*, and, like Jeanne in her hour of trial, can boast that "in the matter of spinning and sewing I can hold my own with any woman in Rouen." Of the same humane affinity are the women whom I have seen keeping the sheep and scattering maize before the pigeons, for did not Jeanne also keep sheep and, like the little Brother of the Poor whose true sister and disciple she was, call the birds till they came unto her. The little old woman who all day and every day stood in the blazing sun last summer outside a field hospital near Hartmannsweilerkopf with a faded umbrella in her trembling hands, waiting to shield the eyes of the wounded from the heat as they were brought in on the stretchers—she, too, was a spiritual daughter of Jeanne for, like her, she "had great pity of the realm of France" and, like another, "had done what she could." Strange and inspiring tales—tales which will soon pass into epic and romance—are told today of women who, confronted by the Hun in all his savage majesty,

laugh, like Jeanne on the scaffold, and confound their executioners with their intrepid wit. May we not say of the daughters of France, what the great historian\* has said of the maid of Domremy: their lives are "a supreme *chanson de geste*"?

And the sons of France have divined it. To the north of Rheims is a line of chalk trenches held by a certain regiment; behind the trenches is a village in whose ruined church, graced with a statue of Jeanne d'Arc (here, as elsewhere, still upright and unscathed upon her pedestal), another altar has been improvised and a rude sacristsy erected by the hands of devout soldiers who have brought thither flowering chrysanthemums and have inscribed above it the plaintive petition "*Que le cœur de Jésus sauve la France*." Now behind this village are the bomb-proof dug-outs, excavated by a regiment of chasseurs who have since gone elsewhere, and the first thing that caught my eye was not the cunning craftsmanship of these battalion headquarters, but the pediment with which they had adorned it, for on that pediment, above the words "49<sup>e</sup> Chasseurs à pied" stood, poised like an angel about to take flight, an exquisite little statue of Jeanne d'Arc. She is indeed the perpetual reincarnation of France, the secret of her eternal youth. A gross and contented France may seem sometimes to forget her; a rationalist France may affect to secularize her; but a suffering France returns to her. In her tender domesticity she, who in her hour of anguish recalled the mother at whose knee she had learned her *Ave Maria* and *Pater-noster* is the wistful expression of the, Frenchman's love of home. Albert Sorel has told us that in the scriptural injunction to honor thy father and thy mother is to be found the first commandment of a patriot. It is a commandment which every *Poilu* has taken to

\*M. Gabriel Hanotaux.



heart; you have only to read the wistful songs of Théodore Botrel to know it. And in nothing are they so fervent as in their filial devotion to the mothers of France.

Embrass'-moi vite et va-t'-en,  
Et lon lon laire, et lon lon la—  
Embrass'-moi vite et va-t'-en,  
Puisque la France, au "front," t'at-  
tend;

Elle est ta Mère, mon enfant,  
—Et lon lon laire, et lon lon la—  
Elle est ta Mère, mon enfant,  
The Nineteenth Century and After.

Quand, moi, je n'suis qu' ta "p'tite  
maman."

And of this France, whose soldiers are always dreaming, in their lonely night watches, of "la petite maman" and "la grand' mère," is not Jeanne the very breath and finer spirit? "This good sense of hers, this gay courage, this unerring glance, this alacrity, this good temper—all these, they are France." She is the soul of all things French because—she was a woman.

*J. H. Morgan.*

## SOME ELDERLY PEOPLE AND THEIR YOUNG FRIENDS.

### CHAPTER IV.

The following day Mr. Beamish met William Macpherson walking in Kensington Gardens and was cut by him, so he stopped and said, "Look here, Willie, you'll be walking into the pond if you go on like this."

"I'm awfully glad to meet you, Tom," said his friend; "the fact is, I believe I'm going to bolt. I don't know if you will think me very foolish or not, but I hardly slept a wink all last night, and I think if I were to get away down to Broadstairs and leave no address I should sleep better, and perhaps they'd never find me there."

"I wonder if they'd take Jacquetta Darling as a substitute," said Tom. "Jacquetta is an excellent speaker."

"You laugh at me," said poor Mr. Macpherson, "but this thing is seriously affecting my health, Tom."

"You must try and get over this absurd shyness, my dear fellow."

"I don't think it's shyness, I think it's blind terror," replied Mr. Macpherson. "When I think what an audience means to me and what it means to Jacquetta Darling I would give a thousand pounds to be able to change places with her."

"Mind you, she speaks a lot better than you do," said Tom frankly.

"She couldn't speak worse."

"And she has more to say."

"I do know something about gases," the man of science went on. "The King sent for me one day last week, and I found him a most sympathetic listener, and the curious part of it was, I was not the least bit afraid of him; indeed, at first I thought he was rather alarmed at meeting me."

"Come and dine with me the night you have to speak; have a good glass of champagne and pull yourself together."

"Nothing but downright intoxication would do me the least bit of good," said the dejected professor, "and then I should never know afterwards whether I had talked sense or not. But I'll come and dine, Tom, if I can bring myself up to the scratch of doing the thing at all."

"If the King sent for you to talk about this gas of yours it must be worth something," said Mr. Beamish encouragingly.

"I am very self-centered and objectionable," went on Mr. Macpherson, "and I haven't had time to ask you about your own trouble yet."

"Oh, her father's here now," said Tom, "and he's responsible. There's a play she wants to see because I gave her my views about what it was like. Isn't it awful, Willie, that nowadays a father

is really unable to forbid a wealthy daughter anything that she has set her mind on. I gave Erling a hint: I said, 'Don't take tickets for *Fleur-de-Lys*,' and in comes my lady at lunch-time with 'Father, darling, I'm giving a theatre party tonight, and we want you to join us, because you always look so noble and splendid and handsome.' A girl like that ought not to be allowed to be at large!"

"Her father consented, of course?"

"He consented because my brother is a weak fool, but he ought to have been able to say, 'I forbid you to go, and I decline to give you the necessary money to take you there.' There is only one thing I admire about Jacquetta Darling, and that is that she sees the economic basis for everything. All this absurd rot about women's independence is really and truly a woman meaning to do as she likes, but she can't do it if she can't pay for it. When I was a young fellow we would not have allowed a girl to pay for anything if we were with her, but nowadays she asks men to dine with her at her club, and it's share and share alike with cabs—if she doesn't pay for them! Now, you know, to pay for trifles promoted a very nice feeling in the old days, Willie: we enjoyed doing things for a pretty woman. They looked up to us and they respected us, and the world was a great deal better than it is now."

"I do believe," said Mr. Macpherson, "that perhaps once ladies took more trouble to please."

"The purse should be in the man's pocket," said Tom decisively. "Clemmie's mother was an heiress, but she should not have had the power to leave her money to anyone but her husband; indeed, she ought never to have had it in her own power to leave anything. Money is the man's prerogative. Please don't argue with me even if you feel like it; Clemmie has argued with me the whole morning."

"Is that why you came out to throw stones into the Round Pond?"

"Well, I felt like it," said Tom. "I can't keep pace with present-day fashions, and I don't want to, and I mean to go and throw stones into a pond when I like."

"Take a turn with me," said Mr. Macpherson. "I am going for a tramp, and it will do you good."

"I can't. Dinner's early. Oh, yes, they're coming to dine with me: I don't quite remember what I said, but it seems there was some sort of idea that I should have seven o'clock dinner before this beastly play begins. Of course there are only six of them coming, and I don't mind having a dinner, but what bothers me is that I don't remember giving my consent, and that puts me out a good deal."

Nevertheless the dinner was good. Tom fussed about the wine, and told Forty to order flowers, which he did in profusion. Forty was jealous of his master's house, and liked to be given a free hand in ordering things, and in the course of the afternoon he asked Miss Perry if she would like to come over and see the table.

"I don't even know who's coming," said the involuntary host, pretending to an air of distraction, which was his apology to Mr. Forty for having an impromptu dinner-party. "I suppose they'll want name cards—a thing I never saw in my father's house."

"I class name cards with table centers," said Forty, who was a very aristocratic gentleman. "But I suppose we must submit to modern innovations, sir."

"You may spread my table with a counterpane before I allow a table center," said his master in righteous indignation, "and I'll have tin mugs at all the places before I have tasteful claret glasses with bulgy stems."

Forty nodded approval, and said he could have "had things nicer," if he

had had more notice. "I should like to have got the special Jordan almonds deviled," he said.

"I believe Forty ought to marry," Tom was saying to himself. "A man who can play on one single string as he plays on deviled almonds would wear even a woman down."

"Will there be tea this afternoon?" inquired Forty, who knew that Mr. Beamish with his usual consideration for servants, always forewent his afternoon cup of tea on the day of a party. The inquiry was meant to show that the reins of government were now in other hands.

"I really cannot tell you," said Mr. Beamish solemnly, "whether there will be tea or not."

Forty withdrew, and Mr. Beamish walked to Jackson's and bought the Jordan almonds, as he was intended to do. The exercise did him good, and by the time seven o'clock came he was in the mood which was willing to give "the poor child pleasure," and he stood with his back to an empty fireplace until seven-thirty, when guests began to arrive. They explained to him quite genially, that it was impossible to get anywhere by seven, and he was made suddenly to realize what busy lives some of his idlest friends spent.

At seven-thirty-five his niece sent down a message that they were "to go on without her," and Mr. Beamish marshaled his guests into dinner, and sat at one end of the table while a vacant place was left for his niece at the other, Mr. Robert Damer sitting partnerless beside it.

All the guests were young, with the exception of his brother, and all understood each other's jokes, but the conversation came in curious bursts followed by awkward silences, and Tom was vexed that it was not so well sustained as at Miss Crawley's parties.

"Give me old hands at dining out!" he said to himself during a pause.

Following his own train of thought, he remarked to the pretty girl next him, "I remember dinner parties in the old days when we really used to have some conversation."

Not feeling encouraged by the evident contrast which Mr. Beamish was drawing in his own mind, the young lady merely said, "Do you?"

"I could tell you of dinner parties in the old days at the Crawleys, for instance, on the other side of the street. Their father was a very clever man, and as a boy I think I never remember such sparkling wit and interesting discussions as used to go on round his table. Mrs. Crawley was a born hostess, and had an extraordinary power of drawing people out."

"Oh, had she?" said the pretty young lady.

"All sorts of distinguished people used to go to the house, and I think I can hear her now saying, 'What is it you were saying about Ireland, Lord Frederick?' or, 'May we hear your views about the war, Mr. Disraeli?'"

"Didn't she know anything about those things herself?" asked the pretty girl.

"She was a very highly educated woman," Mr. Beamish retorted, "and her charm consisted in hearing what other people had to say."

"I see," said the pretty girl.

Tom groaned.

At this moment he received a sudden kiss on the back of his neck, as a vision in pink silk—radiant and expensive—entered the room, and Miss Beamish announced that she was only half dressed but would go upstairs after dinner to get her necklace. Nothing was to be brought back for her: she had had several teas and would begin at quails. How lovely the table looked! She was enraptured with the flowers, and told the butler he was a dream. Tom always liked his old servant to be flattered, but he explained Clemen-

tine's remark by saying to the pretty girl next to him that Miss Beamish meant that the flowers were a dream.

"Oh, did she?" said the pretty girl.

"I suppose men find something in them nowadays which I am unable to discover," Mr. Beamish muttered below his breath. The words were not audible, but his expression was so dissatisfied that his partner lapsed into an anxious silence, which remained unbroken until the end of dinner.

Suddenly he found that the pink and expensive and radiant vision opposite him was shedding smiles in various directions, and that in consequence of this an electric change, not unlike the turning on of lights, had taken place in his dining-room. He did not believe she was talking very much, and being a man who was brought up in the days of large locketts hanging on broad black velvet ribbons, he told himself that she looked very unfinished, not to say undressed, without a necklace, and also that she had very little idea how much she had annoyed him by being late. The worst of it was, everyone was on her side, and it was better to let his little dinner party take its course. There was not a word of sense said, of course, but he felt suddenly at home at his own table, which he had not done before. Miss Beamish told a ridiculous story about him which was not true, and was calculated to make him look absurd, but he found that there was a cheer going round the table, and he allowed the mischievous history to go almost uncorrected.

"I only remarked," he explained to the assembled company, "to my young relative in order to try and interest her, that I had once met Coquelin aîné, and I merely said to him, because I had always supposed it, that I thought he was a bachelor."

"What he merely said," remarked his niece calmly, "was, 'et Jean alors?'"

He found the laugh going against him, and regretted infinitely that such jokes should be so easily apprehended by the infant mind. But it was just as well to be amused during the hour that dinner lasted. He drank champagne although it was not good for him, and he made his brother Erling do the same. Upon his word he would drink a glass of wine with Clemmie over there, and would put her to the blush as he did so by giving a nod towards Bobby too. It might not be an engagement, but the two looked very well together, and he had never seen a boy he liked better. He gave her as his toast, and she raised her glass towards his and gave him a little wink through it which was very prettily done. So he let her off the teasing he was going to give her and smiled benignly instead, and he had the satisfaction of hearing her say to the young man next to her, "If ever I could find some one as beaming and beautiful as Uncle Thomas to sit opposite me always, I really believe I might consider the idea of marrying."

The young man's reply was inaudible, but Tom trusted she would not keep him on the tenter-hooks too long. Bobby was head over ears in love, without any powers of disguising the fact, and Tom hoped Clemmie would be a little merciful this time.

Quite unexpectedly she rose to her feet and announced that she was making a little speech in honor of their distinguished host, and he remembered suddenly it was his birthday, which he had forgotten, and that he was fifty years old. Also he saw that a large cake was being brought into the room with "Jubilee" written on the top too! and fifty pink candles rioting all over it! Absurd little jokes followed. He had inappropriate presents given to him, consisting of Teddy bears and woolly dolls and a thimble and an ode: silk socks in some absurd scented case, and a bouquet of flowers with a ridicu-



lous mechanical contrivance inside which played "God save the King." (His guests not only played it several times but sang it!)

To his own immeasurable surprise he found himself making a speech, in reply to the toasts and the lifted glasses, in which (also to his surprise) he heard an elderly gentleman say that he did not care one bit whether he was fifty or not, he meant to enjoy himself and to have a good time to the very end. And it was "God bless you all," and "A great pleasure to be amongst you," and "How much better everybody else could have made the speech" before Tom stood down amidst a chorus of praise, and was made to realize by some means which he never discovered that he was the best host in London and the best speaker, and that they were all late for the play, and that it did not matter in the least, because it was always impossible to be in time for the first act. But as it was now nine o'clock—

—He was out on the doorstep calling up taxis on a whistle of his own, while Forty bustled about him with coffee, before he quite knew what he was about, and he waved his dinner napkin, to which he still clung, as the last cab disappeared round the corner, before he even remembered that his juvenile friends were going to see a ridiculous and very risky play, and that they had forgotten the tickets and the latchkey, and would want supper when they came home.

The telephone bell rang presently, as he knew it would, and he was requested to send Forty with the tickets to the box-office as a guarantee of good faith, Lord Erling remaining as hostage in the entrance hall of the theatre until the necessary documents were produced.

Lord Erling, as a matter of fact, was admitted to the theatre (with the tickets) just as the third act was begin-

ning. He found that his daughter was keeping a place beside her as he knew she would, and he had just time to murmur to her, "What is it all about?" as the curtain rose.

The third act was the most powerful on the program, and his young friends enjoyed it immensely. They knew all the actors and actresses by sight and by name, and many of them personally, and they exchanged nods from the boxes where they sat to those whom they knew who stood in the wings of the theatre.

As the piece went on Lord Erling withdrew from the prominent seat in which his daughter had placed him, and, partially hiding behind the curtain of the box, he began to interpret the real meaning of the play to his child.

In this way he hoped to spare her and himself and everybody.

He was interrupted by the young lady, who clutched his knee with violence, and said in a breathless whisper, "Don't take me away, whatever happens!"

He went and sat at the back of the box with Mr. Damer, to whom he explained that a good deal might be said for the daring of ignorance.

Bobby replied that after all it was only pajamas, and he didn't see why not. Miss Beamish summoned him to her side by a gesture, and Lord Erling could hear her fluttered whisper—"Daring of ignorance! Such a consolation to them! Do please say we don't understand half we talk about!" He had the pleasure of hearing later from his daughter that his face as a study had caused her much amusement.

After approaching the very brink of thrilling possibilities, the play ended in an anti-climax. The censor was completely satisfied, no doubt, but the pretty girl who sat next Mr. Beamish at dinner said in a tone of disappointment, and making almost her

first remark that evening, "After all I've heard it's very disappointing. The pajama scene ended too abruptly."

Mr. Beamish heard them all come home from the theatre, and heard them eat supper loudly downstairs; he knew there were some glasses broken, and expected it, but what he did not expect was that Forty should turn traitor and say solemnly that they had come away in his hand. Presently he heard his brother come upstairs to bed, and thought how sensible the proceeding was, and an hour later he heard the front door close on the last guest, and his niece came as far as his own door and knocked at it.

"Come in," he said; which was weak of him, for he had meant to pretend to be asleep. "In the name of goodness what do you want at this time of night?" He himself always went to bed late, and used to enjoy a cigar in his own comfortable dressing-room, and clad in a dressing-gown, before turning in. He did not intend going to bed while the noise was going on downstairs, but he meant Clemmie to know that she was disturbing him.

"Have you a powder-puff?" said Clemmie.

He wanted to hear about the party, and he wished with all his heart he had been at the play, so he said gruffly that if he had a powder-puff his niece should not have it, as she would probably not give it back to him; she scattered his things everywhere as it was.

"Lots of men use them," said Clementine, "they say it's soothing after shaving, but one never knows."

"They may use them if they like," said Tom, "and they may put essences in their baths if they like; all I can say is, I don't."

She sat down in a big chair beside his fire and said, "You don't wear a nightcap, I see."

"No, I don't, nor do I wear nankeen breeches and a coat with brass buttons,

nor am I able to remember the battle of Waterloo. If you want to know anything more about my toilet arrangements I should feel grateful if you would keep your questions for a more convenient time."

"You should see me in my nightcap; I look ravishing."

"I wish you'd go to bed," said Beamish.

"Well, the party was lovely," said Clementine, and then she began to give an account of it, with all Clemmie's inimitable way of mimicking people, and Tom laughed until Lord Erling came in to see what was wrong. Thereupon she showed him his own face as it appeared to her at the most critical moment of the play. Afterwards she told them she was tired to death and that they really mustn't keep her up like this. She borrowed a large envelope from a note-case on Mr. Beamish's writing-table, and wrote on it, "Don't call me till I ring," and said she was going to stick it on her door.

"And remember, Tom," she said, "there's to be no noise in the house, and if possible I should like straw put down before the door. It is rather upsetting to be kept out of bed at this time of night. If anyone brings me a telephone message before one o'clock tomorrow I shall shoot him at sight!"

It is certainly a modern habit to conduct private business upon the telephone, and it was one which met with the approval of Miss Clementine Beamish. Almost at any hour of the day one might hear her revealing the innermost secrets of her soul to some chosen friend, in the high staccato voice with which she always spoke across the wires, or arranging meetings, or even refusing the appeal of some love-lorn swain.

That night, before she slept, she unhooked the receiver from the instrument by her bed and said, "Jemima, are you awake?"

The answer must have been in the affirmative, for Clemmie, still in her theatre dress and wrap, sat on the edge of the bed and smilingly pursued the following conversation:

"I saw you in the theatre tonight. Was that Mr. Charlton with you? He looks like a perfect angel. I don't hear what you say. I know, I know. Once when I was abroad I met a blue-eyed swindler on board ship whom I adored. No, not since then. What? Bobby doesn't count. Yes, as early as you like. Come straight up to my room."

Consequently Miss Beamish did not get the long night that she had promised herself, but Jemima, who was definitely aware that she inclined towards egoism at present and that it was not fair to her family to indulge herself in it, had a long and intimate talk over Clemmie's breakfast tray in the morning. Mr. Charlton was "Lawrence" now, and Clemmie wondered how much the change in the form of address really meant. Jim was teeming with political news, some of which she was able to tell and some which, better still, she was under oath of secrecy not to divulge.

Clemmie listened to her open-mouthed with, "Is that really going to happen?" and "Does he tell you all these things before other people know?" She, like the rest of the world, had always had an enormous belief in Jim Darling, and now it seemed that her belief was more than justified. She would be the wife of a Prime Minister one of these days! She would hold delicate intrigues in her hand, would let the right people meet each other, and keep undesirable ones apart! Wonderful Jemima! She was one of those women with whom tact is not so much a gift as an accomplishment. She could say what she liked because she hardly ever said the wrong thing. Life teemed with interest for her, and she met all its present manifold possibilities with a good deal of very commendable self-restraint. She

would never give away herself too cheaply, but withal she was on fire to help a great man. In him she would merge all her strong individuality! But in the interests that occupied him, her wit and brilliance would maintain for her an equality for which she did not even ask. Doubtless, this morning she had come to her friend's room prepared to talk, but something was always kept back and there were no intimate confessions. Clemmie believed she would like to be questioned, and reverted to the theatre party of the night before with a modest sense that she herself was being less interesting than the occasion demanded.

"You were with the Gordons, weren't you? I noticed he never spoke to Mrs. Gordon the whole time, although she is so lovely. Everyone knows now, don't they?"

"Everyone knows everything," said Jim, laughing.

Miss Beamish, who was given to kind words, said to her, "And everyone will be glad about it, Jim; you have heaps of friends."

In her bewildering joy Jemima remembered those who had been good to her, and said proudly, "At least we don't envy each other nowadays nor say vindictive things."

There was something triumphant in her attitude towards all things today—something which looked well on men and things and saw the best of them! She walked more erectly than usual, with shoulders thrown back as a challenge to the world to refute the high opinion she held of it. Perhaps, for the first time in her life, Jemima was unable or unwilling to dissect her own feelings. She could give no proof that she was in love, nor wanted to give any. Between her and one man was the knowledge of a profound emotional feeling. Inability to give expression to such feelings and such emotions has helped to earn for love its many beautiful names.

Clemmie, who had frequently known her friend in more communicative moods, fell to regarding Jemima as almost a stranger this morning, and was amazed at her reticence. Ambition, it is true, showed itself sometimes, and then again faded away on such expressions as, "What can I do for him?"

Clemmie appeared to her to be too practical this morning when she said, "Get everything settled first, Jemima," and further, "When are you next going to meet?"

"Meetings don't seem to matter now nearly as much as they did," said Miss Darling, still in the same unusual tone in which her conversation this morning was conducted. "They used to be all-important. But now, do you know, Clemmie, I think we are so near each other in everything that we think and feel that he never seems very far away."

"Jemima has got it badly," Miss Beamish told herself.

"Of course meetings are bliss," went on the much-in-love lady. "I love, for instance, to see him moving across a room to speak to me. When we had tea together yesterday on the Terrace of the House, I said to myself that no one else was in the same position as I was. That was pride, perhaps, but it wasn't snobbishness, because it made me feel so humble."

"Dangerous!" murmured Clemmie.

"Things in the world are moved by him; everyone knows what an influence he has in politics. And when he is tired he comes to me! When he has troubles he tells me of them—not, of course, that I can help him or give him advice, but he says the test which he brings to bear upon matters of importance is the look which he sees in my face as he tells me this thing or that."

It was the most romantic attachment Clemmie had ever heard about.

She said one word: "Settlements."

*(To be continued.)*

*S. Macnaughtan.*

## WORSHIP IN WAR-TIME.

### I. THE GUARDS' CHAPEL—JULY 1915.

Outside the railings there is the usual crowd of sight-seers. Inside, on the hot square, under a blaze of sunshine, the men are drawn up in long lines, paraded for service in the chapel. Officers walk swiftly to and fro. Sergeants shout staccato orders. The men stand erect, rigid, accurately aligned. I reach the porch of the chapel, mount the broad steps, pass through the doors out of the glare of light and feel the sudden cool of the darkness within. I am aware that the band is playing in two galleries at each side of the chancel, playing very softly, some solemn music. My eyes become gradually accustomed to the gloom. I see the altar cross gleaming, the tall candles, the flowers. My gaze passes upwards over a space of dim gold, upwards still to where the roof,

a mass of gold mosaic, is lighter, shines. It is written, "The kings of the earth shall bring their glory and their honor into it." Kings, or men with the spirit of kings, have given wealth for the adornment of this shrine. And honor! My eyes wander from the roof to the walls and pillars beside me. Tattered flags hang motionless from their old staves, flags which fluttered once in the hot air of desperate fights. On the pillars and on the walls are names, graven on brass and marble. I read one here and there. They are the names of soldiers of old days. One and another of them recall a page of English history. They are redolent of the memories of great deeds, of heroic sacrifice, of strength and courage. So kingly men have brought their honor into this house of God.



Not all the names find places in the pages of history. There are those carved on the walls of which the world has never heard; officers to whom no great chance came, men of the ranks who in their day followed the call of duty without hope of hearing the trumpet of fame. But here they are not forgotten. The Brigade whose worship centers here is careful to chronicle not alone the names of the great knights but those of humbler squires, of simple men-at-arms. The deeds of all of them have gone to build up an imperishable honor. The fancy comes to me that I am here in the shrine of a modern order of chivalry like the Knights Templars or the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. The inward spirit of the medieval military orders seems to survive. The devotion to bright honor, the sense of brotherhood between high and lowly, the immeasurable pride of chivalry, a pride so great that it disdains to explain or justify itself to a world which has half forgotten the meaning of knightliness. None of the archaic ritual survives, little of the outward form, but it seems that the spirit of the old orders is here.

Here and there, in the seats in front of me and beside me, are senior officers, men with grave faces in which I seem to read a feeling of puzzle, almost of bewilderment. A great war is upon them; the opportunity for which they have been trained and have waited has come at last. But this war is not as others in the past. Chivalry has gone out of it. The old laws of fine, fair fighting are broken, mocked at, scouted. Before these men are enemies who use dishonorable weapons and strike foul blows. Can men who fight as knights and gentlemen win against them? Well, knights have fought barbarians before now, have fought and won, keeping their honor bright, or fought and lost, winning a greater victory, compelling even the basest to admire.

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There is a trampling of feet on the paved aisle. Soldiers march in. The seats behind me are filled with men. From the vestry, stepping slowly, comes the choir, boys and men, wearing, not the surplices of choristers, but the uniform of the King. Behind them is the chaplain, he alone clad in the white linen which symbolizes the righteousness of the servants of God. The music of the band changes. There comes to us the familiar tune of an old hymn. We stand and sing. The high voices of the choir boys lead us. Soon they are overwhelmed by the deep volume of sound from hundreds of singing men:

"When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne."

The drums roll out above us. Brass instruments cry aloud. A strange wave of vehement emotions sweeps over me as we sing.

The voice of the priest, sounding thin after the volume of the singing, bids us kneel and confess our sins unto Almighty God. The choir takes the note from him. Men's voices catch it. We repeat the long familiar words. We have been lost sheep straying from green pastures. Then clear and calm comes the assurance of an absolution. "He pardoneth." We stand and sing again, one of the strangely spiritualized war songs of Israel. The notes of the chant follow each other in simple sequence. Men's voices take up the melody. The drums roll again, proclaiming with awful threats the victory of God, the terrible victory of One Who laughs aloud. "The Lord shall have them in derision." One of the older officers stands at the lectern and reads to us. It is an accident, a mere coincidence, for he follows the order of the Church's lectionary, but today we hear the story of how the prophet Samuel bade Saul go forth to smite and slay utterly the sinners, the Amalekites.

Long ago—it seems very long ago—in

other times and places we shrank from the hearing of this story. It seemed impossible that God could have given such an order. We reasoned and explained, talked of the slow evolution of morality, of good and evil differing as shades of gray differ, there being no such things as black and white. Now, or at least here, I feel that right and wrong are not indistinguishable shades passing into each other, but principles eternally opposed, between which there is no compromise; that evil is sometimes such that the swift destruction of it is the sole means by which the onward progress of humanity is made possible; that Samuel was not a savage fanatic but the prophet of the living God, pointing the true, the awful, but the only way.

We stand. The choir swings sharply towards the east. We proclaim in a kind of shout our faith in the creed of Christendom, and at the name of Jesus our heads bow, witnessing to the fact that we worship Him as God because He died for us. Who have a better right to proclaim themselves disciples of the Crucified than these who stand ready to fill up that which is lacking in the sacrifice of Christ, to give themselves, as He gave Himself, for the life of the world?

We sit and listen while the chaplain speaks to us. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." There is nothing of the set oration in what he says, little evidence of deep thought or effort at rhetorical appeal. Almost it seems as if he did nothing but repeat to us again and again the words of St. Paul. "I am not ashamed," said the Apostle, "Be not ye ashamed, O soldiers of the Lord." He ceases speaking and the band calls to us again. We sing the national anthem, sanctifying loyalty to the earthly King by invocation of the Heavenly, elevating the love of our country into the high region of the patriotism of the citizens of that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

Then come the last words of all. The priest stands before the altar. With outstretched hand, as if willing to lay it on the head of each kneeling man, he imparts to us the Benediction. "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding —" Even as he speaks the words there comes through the open doors from the barrack square outside the sound of bugle, calling shrill and high. It is war's own instrument breaking in upon the promise of the peace of God. Yet no sense of discord tears our hearts, because we know that God's peace is for those who dare greatly, strive worthily; for brave knights, not for recreants; for those who, however, whenever, to whatsoever kind of strife the call comes, do not fail to answer it.

## II. KINGSTOWN HARBOR—JULY 1915.

The launch lies alongside the pier. A sailor stands in the bow, with a boat-hook in his hand, holding on to an iron ring. In the stern sheets kneels another sailor clinging to the slippery steps with his hands, steadying the swaying launch. We step cautiously aboard and crouch under the protecting hood. An order is given. The engines throb. The man in the stern stands upright, holding the tiller between his feet. The boat sweeps round in a wide half-circle and speeds across the waters of the harbor. On our right lies the mail boat at her pier, smoke issuing from her funnels, her flags flying, prepared already, though the day is young, for her dash across the Channel. We thread our way among patrol boats at anchor. Once, in the days of peace, these were trawlers. Now each mounts a gun on her fore-deck and goes out to trawl for the most dangerous fish men ever chased. They are small boats, these trawlers, but it is an evil business for the submarine which feels the drag of their nets, or, venturing to the surface, hears their guns speak. Among them lie two steam yachts, with the delicate lines of pleasure boats, with long range

of deckhouses. Once, no doubt, fourteen months ago, their decks were shining white, their brass-work glittered in the sun. Women in gay dresses went in and out of the cabin doors. Now there is no glitter or shine. The sides, the masts, the funnels, the boats, the gilt scroll-work round the stern are all dark gray. There are guns mounted where laughing girls used to sit among cushions in basket chairs. The white ensign of the Royal Navy has taken the place of some club flag.

Two torpedo-boat destroyers lie together, side by side, moored bow and stern, so close that men can step from one deck to the other. Their high-built bows rise with a sort of threat above the mooring buoys. From the tall foremasts the wires of their telegraphic installation slope sharply aft. The narrow, low decks are covered with the machines of the terrible business which these boats do—guns, three of them, and four great torpedo tubes, ready to swing out to port or starboard. Our launch slips alongside. We mount a narrow, steep ladder. The commander salutes, and greets us with an apology.

"We used to have a nice ladder," he says, "like a yacht's; but when the war broke out it had to go."

Then, to my companion:

"If you're ready, padre, I'll muster the ship's company."

The ship's company is mustered, the companies of both ships. The men, a hundred of them, perhaps, or rather more, stand in two groups, one on each side of the deck, with a space between them. Above the vacant space stretches the long, gray barrel of a gun. Aft, facing the men, stand the officers. The padre takes his place and lays his books on—a reading desk? a lectern? It is some part of the ship's fighting gear draped with a flag.

An order is given, very quietly, with none of the sharp staccato vigor with which soldiers speak.

"Ship's company, hats off."

The men stand bare-headed. A flag, red and white, is broken out at the foremast head. Behind me I hear the swish of a motor launch tearing through the water, and the plop, plop of her engines. From one of the two tall spires, which dominate the town, comes the sound of church-going bells, summoning the townfolk, peaceful people, to their prayers. Our padre bids us sing a hymn. It is "Rock of Ages." How is it that our soldiers and sailors both choose this hymn, both seem to sing it with special delight? Here we have no band to help us, no choir to lead us. The padre pitches the first note for us. The men's voices catch it. There passes across the water a great wave of sound.

I stand and wonder. The faces before me are boys' faces. It would surprise me to learn that in all the company there are four men of thirty years of age among officers or crew. I look up and the long gun is above my head. I look past the men and see that over the shelter of a hatchway there hangs a wooden shield. On it is painted "Heli-goland—1914." Here are no gorgeous monuments of a mighty past, no chronicling of great names and splendid deeds; only a simple record of the fact that this ship was in one great fight. Of all the rest that she has done, of lesser battles, of long vigils, of manifold perils, there is no note at all. And the faces of these who have done and borne such great things are the faces of boys still, simple, jovous, confident. The horror of war has not cowed them, and never will.

The hymn is finished. We pray, standing with heads bowed. The voice of the padre speaks for us, asking the protection and help of God by the companies of these two ships, for all who fight by sea or by land, for the dying, for the wounded, for the sorrowful. The murmur of the town's life comes to us from the shore. The church bells are ringing

still. A street car speeds along its rails with rasping sound as its trollies draw motor power from the wires overhead. A small rowing boat creeps round our stern and the two girls in it gaze at us curiously. There is a little group of men on the terrace of the yacht club. They stand chatting, smoking, gazing out at the shipping in the harbor. That all this life may go on secure and quiet these ships, grim and lean, course across stormy seas; these men watch, toil, fight, pray.

We sing again. I see that Howth Head, far away to the north of us, is blackened with a thunder-shower. Right round the long bend of the bay the cloud clings to the land. The thickly-grouped spires and chimneys of Dublin are caught in it. I can see the rain pouring over the city like a thick black veil. A shaft of sunlight strikes the water of the bay between us and Howth; but a flanking outpost of the storm-cloud darkens our nearer sky. The water of the harbor grows suddenly black. Outside the pier-heads it is flecked with spots of white foam, which become more and more numerous till the whole sea is covered with them. A squall, sucked towards the center of the thunder-cloud sweeps outwards from the land. It ruffles the surface of the harbor water. It lashes the sea outside into fierce wavelets.

Our padre speaks to us, a few words only, telling us a very simple thing, which certainly, here and now, our hearts believe; which it were well for us if at all times we believed and held fast. Then come the last words of all, that wonder-  
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ful Benediction which promises, which gives, the peace of God. Even as he speaks a few drops of rain fall heavily. The roll of the thunder comes to us from the darkness which covers Howth. Jagged lightning flashes in a sharp zigzag against the cloud. Dublin is blotted from our sight.

An order is given again. The men, treading soft with their bare feet, leave the deck. The flag at the foremast is lowered.

The thunder-cloud which threatened us for a while passes out to sea, leaving the air strangely clear. The water of the harbor and the sea outside laugh again in the sunlight. We take our places in the launch and are borne to the pier. We go back to all the futile tangle of our lives, our little cares, our useless work, our hopes, our deadening anxieties. In a few hours the two destroyers will leave their moorings, slip swiftly between the pierheads, pass from our sight into far seas. Is it fanciful to think of them as going to seek the storm which has drawn away from our shores? So all adventurous souls go forth, leaving sunlight and security, pursuing storm because there is in the heart of noble youth a great delight in danger, a great longing for the glory which comes to those who dare. The years tread down the spirits of those over whom much time has passed. The aged seek the peace which passeth all understanding in sheltered places. It is the splendid lot of youth to find it, without seeking, where storms break and thunder on wide seas.

*George A. Birmingham.*

## THE DEBUT OF EMPEROR WILLIAM.

BY ONE WHO WATCHED IT.

On that bright June day in the year 1887, when the great Jubilee Procession passed through the streets of London, the figure that attracted most attention

after Queen Victoria herself was a tall bearded man in a white uniform glittering with Orders and surmounted by a shining helmet with a golden eagle.



Few indeed could have surmised that, even at the moment, a terrible disease was undermining his powerful frame. No doubt gloomy rumors had been heard, but one glance at the Crown Princess's radiant face as she entered the vestibule at Buckingham Palace and received the congratulations offered on all sides, on her husband's recovery, was sufficient to dispel any anxiety.

"Yes, we have been very anxious, but it is all right now," she said in reply to inquiries from those about to take part in the procession. But even in the midst of the general rejoicings a discordant note made itself heard. It was murmured that their son, Prince William, was not satisfied with the position assigned to him and his wife in the Jubilee Procession. It has been said that

A man convinced against his will  
Is of the same opinion still.

But no German is ever convinced against his will.

It was utterly useless to point out that precedence in Great Britain is settled by Act of Succession, and that it would have needed a new Act of Parliament to alter the arrangement by which all precedence is regulated by the nearness of relationship to the British Sovereign, and not by the rank of the individual, however exalted, and that therefore the younger sons of the Sovereign and their wives must precede her grandson and his wife. The German courtiers would not listen: they were all convinced that this matter had been purposely arranged—some believing that it was the result of an intrigue of the Crown Princess, who wished to humiliate her son and daughter-in-law, and had persuaded her mother to help her in her design; others, the equally ridiculous notion that the British Cabinet was to blame, and that perfidious Albion was as usual denying the repre-

sentatives of poor ill-used Germany "their place in the sun."

When asked, "What impressed you most today?" an intelligent German, who had been present in the Abbey, replied, "The devout reverence of the congregation; I had no idea that the English were so churchy" (*kirchlich gesinnt*).

Certainly that remark could not have been made with reference to the Germans at the service. During the most solemn prayers they were chattering to one another, and standing erect looking about them, unthrilled and unimpressed, when the multitude assembled, including Turks, Hindoos, and Chinamen, all bent before the Great Being they named so differently in their various languages, and offered in divers tongues their thanksgiving for the many benefits that had accrued to humanity during half a century of responsibilities bravely borne and duties nobly fulfilled.

Who could have thought, when a few short months had passed, the Crown Princess, no longer radiant, would be weeping bitterly in the gilded and crimson-brocaded salon of Villa Zirio, as she saw all her dreams of helping humanity passing away forever, and for the first time may have felt a dim foreboding of the feelings that overwhelmed another Empress mother, the unfortunate Agrippina, on the shores of that same tideless sea?

Much has been written and many strange tales told of that sojourn at San Remo, the hurried journey, and the brief reign of a hundred days. One of the many false rumors has been so widely spread, it is perhaps well to refer to it—that it was at Empress Frederick's desire an English doctor was called in. As it happens, Emperor Frederick himself had heard of Sir Morel Mackenzie's skill in treating throat cases from a well-known singer he had met at Balmoral, and on feeling the first symptoms of throat trouble at

once sent for that physician before even informing the Empress of the fact. No doubt, with her well-known love of her native country, she was well pleased at her husband's decision, and when the German Medical Authorities and the German Press attacked the English doctor, she rushed into the fray with her generous but unfortunate habit of invariably championing all who were oppressed, or who seemed to her to be oppressed, whether right or wrong. Surely Mrs. Browning showed a true insight into women's nature when she said, that if Cervantes had been Shakespeare, he would have made his *Don a Donna*.

The blow so long impending fell at last, and the worn-out frame was laid to rest in that beautiful Potsdam church, the *Friedenkirche* or Temple of Peace, where the statue of the Redeemer by Rauch stretches out welcoming arms to the weary and heavy laden who lay down their loads there.

And now a new era had dawned for Germany. At the time of Emperor William's accession, the great Bismarck was undoubtedly the real ruler of Germany. His word was law; to oppose him, however slightly, meant social and political extinction. None dared visit or invite anyone, even privately, who was under his displeasure. His wrath was easily excited and difficult to appease. To make matters worse, he was founding a dynasty. He appeared very little in society, and was represented by his son Count Herbert, at whose feet Berlin groveled.

"Do not be civil to so and so, Herbert Bismarck does not like them," was a remark frequently heard in Berlin. Herbert Bismarck's dislikes were numerous, and he made no secret of them. Those who were honored by his presence took the greatest trouble to include in their parties none but people who were agreeable to him. He was more feared than beloved; he

was rough and coarse in manner, and only assumed an appearance of geniality when it suited him to do so. His great delight was to invite the members of the *corps diplomatique* to his house, and to ply them with drink till he loosened their tongues. He prided himself on never allowing his guests to leave his house sufficiently sober to walk home. Yet he was too powerful for his invitations to be refused, as no one was allowed to remain in Berlin who offended the omnipotent Foreign Minister. "What will happen to the Bismarcks now?" was the question on everyone's lips. Would the new Kaiser, who was himself, it was rumored, of an autocratic disposition, be contented with divided authority; would two kings be possible in Berlin any more than in Brentford?

To everyone's surprise, the new Emperor seemed on the best of terms with the Bismarcks; he even insisted on taking Herbert Bismarck with him in his suite to England, even though it was known that owing to the disrespectful way in which he had spoken of the Empress Frederick he was anything but a welcome guest there. Was William, after all, to be merely a cipher in the hands of the Bismarcks, and was Germany to continue to groan under their iron despotism? But the triumph of the Bismarcks was short-lived. The Emperor, wisely, was learning the ropes before dropping the pilot. Indications were not wanting of an impending change. Hinzpeter, the Socialist tutor, who had instructed the Emperor in his boyhood, was frequently at the Palace; and every morning at eight o'clock punctually the Emperor might be seen driving to the Generalstab to breakfast with Count and Countess Waldersee, the disciples of Stoecker, the Christian Socialist. The actions by which, in his earlier days, he had seemed to wish to show disrespect to his father's mem-

ory, such as the decoration of Puttkammer, the prosecution of Geffken, and the resumption of the name Neues Palais instead of Friedrichskron, now ceased; his relations with his mother and his English relatives assumed a more friendly tone; and during the labor conference which was held at Berlin in the spring of 1890 Berlin was suddenly convulsed by the intelligence that the great Chancellor had been three times asked to resign, and on the third occasion had unwillingly consented. A dinner party was in progress at Bismarck's house in the Wilhelmstrasse, where the Chancellor was entertaining the members of the labor conference, when a message was delivered to the aged Prince informing him that an aide-de-camp of the Emperor's was waiting to speak to him. Excusing himself to his guests, he rose from the table and passed into an adjoining room, where the Emperor's messenger informed him that he had orders not to leave the house until the Chancellor had signed his resignation. The Prince signed the required form and returned to his seat at table, resuming his interrupted conversation with his guests, who only afterwards became aware that an important historical event had taken place in their host's few minutes' absence.

The panic that ensued in Berlin was indescribable. "The people will never stand it," said some. "There will be a revolution," said others. Even Bismarck's enemies were staggered by his sudden downfall.

"I have no cause to love Bismarck," exclaimed Frau von Bethmann-Hollweg, the niece of the Arnim whom Bismarck imprisoned, "but I cannot help, as a German, feeling that we, as a nation, may get on badly without our big bow-wow, whose bark kept other nations in order." These words voiced the general feeling. Even Empress Frederick said, in bidding farewell to Princess

Bismarck, "My dear Princess, this is the beginning of the end."

But the people were singularly quiet. On the day that Bismarck left Berlin, a crowd waited in the Wilhelmstrasse to see him leave, though the hour was not announced. It was the same day as the Annual Meeting of the Committee of the English Governesses Home, at which Empress Frederick presided. As the exiled Prince drove down the street cheers rose from the crowd. "I am glad that they are giving him a good send-off," said the Empress, "he has served his country so long." She moved towards the window as she spoke but did not reach it till the Prince had passed, which was fortunate, as her presence might have been misunderstood. She was far too generous-minded a woman to feel anything but sympathy for an old servant somewhat harshly dismissed.

General von Caprivi, who succeeded Bismarck in the Chancellorship, never wielded any special power.

At first people were inclined to overestimate the influence of Count and Countess Waldersee. Count Waldersee was a distinguished General, who succeeded Moltke as head of the Generalstab, and his wife was the clever American daughter of General Lee, whose first husband had been a Prince of Schleswig-Holstein, a great-uncle of the German Empress, and who took the title of Count von Noer and dropped his princely rank in order to marry her. This lady was noted for her great and sincere religious enthusiasm, and her keen interest in all social and political questions. Like Empress Frederick, she was horrified at the materialism of the life round her in Berlin. Both these ladies, the two most influential in Berlin at that time, devoted their whole energies and dedicated their lives to striving to regenerate Germany. But their efforts were fruitless, and, unfortunately, they not only differed

widely in their ideals, they were bitterly hostile to one another's methods, and unable to realize the good in one another's schemes.

The Empress believed in higher education and the soothing influences of art and culture. She favored philanthropic endeavors to extend these advantages to the working classes, and regarded with horror Bismarck's militarism and his view that what the lower classes needed was a whip and an iron hand, and that all individuality and progressive movement should be ruthlessly crushed.

To Countess Waldersee's puritanical soul, on the other hand, both higher education and artistic culture were anathema: the former because it might lead to biblical criticism and philosophical atheism, and the latter because of its affinity with the Roman Church, which she regarded as the Scarlet Woman. She detested Bismarck's theories as much as the Empress did, and naturally, as an American, upheld the right of every individual citizen to improve his position, and believed it to be the duty of the rich to assist in the elevation of the masses. But she believed that this could be accomplished by preaching the Gospel on the old Evangelical lines, and she, unlike the Empress, favored the military side of Bismarck's program; only whilst with him it was a means to accomplish schemes of world-wide Teutonic dominion, with her it was valuable as a training in self-denial and discipline which she believed would assist in producing that "righteousness that exalteth a nation."

Both these women realized that the forces of materialism and unchecked brutality were a menace to the civilization of Europe, and would culminate sooner or later in world-wide disaster. The contrast between these two would-be world-improvers was accentuated by their divergent views on the Jewish

question. Empress Frederick, realizing that the only remnants of soul left in the wave of materialism that had swept over Germany were to be found amongst the more cultivated and artistic Hebrews, flung herself heart and soul into seeking to remove the social disabilities under which they suffered. Almost the first act of Emperor Frederick's short reign was to take the insignia of the Black Eagle from his own neck and place it on the neck of the Jew Friedberg, who, though a Cabinet Minister, had hitherto been denied that honor.

Countess Waldersee, on the other hand, like her favorite Pastor the famous Stoecker, was animated by the most bitter hatred against all Jews, whose influence represented to her luxury, effeminaey, and anti-christianity. If she could, she would have banished them from the land. The "*Kreuzzeitung*," the organ of the Waldersee party, was full of bitter attacks on that race. Yet despite all opposition the Jews thrived. In the year 1888, it was remarked that there was more accommodation for worshipers in the beautiful and numerous synagogues in Berlin than in the dilapidated and neglected churches. The reason of this was that German Protestantism had been fatally wounded in the house of its best friends. The evening Frederick William III and his friend De Bunsen sat up all night to devise a State Church that would reconcile Calvinists and Lutherans, they unwittingly signed its death warrant. Strangled by the State, the German Church henceforward became a mere department of the State under a Minister of Religion, who exercises no more influence on the spiritual life of the community than a road surveyor or inspector of nuisances.

Amongst the Roman Catholics no doubt some spiritual life still lingered, greatly to the annoyance of Bismarck's



autocratic soul, and even survived his constant efforts to crush and undermine that religion.

Everyone was wondering what line the young Emperor would take when confronted with these problems. What were his own sympathies? What were his ideals? Everything depended on that.

When a youth at Cassel, the Emperor had been trained in Socialist principles by his tutor Hinzpeter; he was then exposed to the ultra-conservative and military influences of Bonn; and after that he was subjected to a long course of training under Bismarck and his Imperial Grandfather. Those two aged autocrats did their utmost to obtain an influence over the young man who was to occupy such an important position.

At first, as we have seen, the Emperor seemed to yield to the Bismarck party, then he broke loose. What would be his next move? For some little time the Waldersees seemed well to the front. During those daily breakfasts at the Generalstab, the Kaiser listened patiently to his great-aunt's evangelical views; he even delighted the soul of that excellent lady by stopping horse-racing on Sunday, and by encouraging the devout young Empress in building a Cathedral and various other churches. Hinzpeter was sent as arbitrator in the miners' strikes; in short, the Christian Socialists seemed to be gaining the upper hand. But this phase was short-lived. When once the Christian Socialists had served his turn in helping to get rid of Bismarck, they like him had to learn that Emperor William would brook no divided control, that in his scheme of government *l'état c'est moi*.

Pastor Stoecker was the first to fall; he was banished from Berlin and forbidden to preach. At some manoeuvres where the Emperor was commanding, Count Waldersee acted as

umpire, and thought it his duty to point out to the young officer that in real warfare the disposition of his troops must have led to disaster. The result of this candid criticism was that General Waldersee was banished to a distant provincial command. Great was the consternation of the Waldersees and their friends. At a concert held at the Palace the young Empress made no effort to conceal her feelings, her eyes were red and swollen, and those nearest her could see tears trickling down her cheeks; she was grieving not only at the loss of an old and valued friend, but at the extinction of a religious movement which commanded her warmest sympathy.

"You have heard that I am banished," said Countess Waldersee to a friend. "It is not for myself that I mind, but what will become of work I have been trying to do for God in this godless place?" "God will take care of His own work," was the reply. "He may summon His workers into a desert place to rest awhile, but the work goes on in His way though perhaps not in our way." "Yes," she replied, "you are right. This banishment is not from the king, but from the King of kings. I must bow to His decree."

Henceforward in Berlin there was but one mind, one will directing everything. The new era had begun.

Shortly afterwards the last of the great men who had made the German Empire, Field-Marshal von Moltke, passed away from the changing scene. "Germany won the last war," he is reported to have said, "because she believed in God and in the fatherland. She no longer believes in anything; next time she will be defeated."

As that wonderful funeral procession, the grandest sight this generation has seen, surpassing the funerals of Queen Victoria or King Edward VII, swept through the Königsplatz and wound round the golden figure of Victory,

which commemorates Moltke's achievements, it being the first cortège to cross the newly built Moltke Bridge just finished in time for that day, it was impossible not to wonder if here was the passing away not merely of a great personality, but of a glorious era. As the coffin receded from sight at the station, as the last guns were fired and the last notes of the Dead March smote the ear, the sun, which had been shining

Blackwood's Magazine.

brilliantly on that spring morning, was suddenly obscured in the most dramatic fashion by dark lowering clouds, and one could not but feel a chilly foreboding. Was this indeed Ichabod? had the glory of a great age departed, and was the new era to bring nothing but

The darkness of that battle in the west,

Where all of high and holy dies away?

### EMERGENCY RATIONS.

"The emergency food . . . can be easily removed by hand."—*Extract from Regulations.*

The two Privates, who formed the marauding party on some adjacent farm outbuildings, and whose great-coats were suspiciously bulky on the return journey, found their road back to billets effectually blocked by two battalions of French infantry, a battery of "seventy-five," and a heterogeneous assortment of transport, all standing apparently awaiting further orders.

The French convoy had quite recently been "in it." Had covered itself with glory and the blood of many Hanoverians, and was now going back to clean itself up. Motor dispatch riders had carried its fame before it. The head of it was filling the village street, and had, no doubt, many interested spectators. Everyone would have turned out to see how it carried itself—including the officers' mess.

"Spud" Murphy's hand wandered down to the recently strangled duck, still warm in death; tapped his bulging pocket, and winked at his companion. The frayed edge of a cabbage protruded slightly from William Slater's greatcoat, and in its green heart reposed two turkey's eggs, fresh and speckled.

"Wot abart it?" said he of the cabbage, doubtfully.

"Wot of it?" answered Spud, indignantly; "the ol' dearie give 'em to us—didn't she—fer the arskin'?"

"Yus," said the other, sarcastically. "They'll believe orl that, an' more, won't they?" The ways and customs of orderly rooms were as an open book to him. "The ol' man'll dictate a letter o' thanks to the laidy fer bein' so kind to the poo-er British Tommy—I *don't* think!" And he spat into the ditch disgustedly.

There had been, in fact, no guile. Or scarcely any. The rapid and guilty speech of Murphy had conveyed nothing to the fat Frenchwoman who found them in her garden. But his Irish eyes were blue, and his smile irresistible.

"Ma foi, qu'il est beau," she had murmured to her daughter in the back-ground; and having beckoned them with much gesture and giggling from kitchen garden to duckpond, had sent them on their way rejoicing.

Unfortunately, Spud's reputation for absorbing unto himself other men's goods had not been left behind at Colchester. And his sergeant was wont to look darkly upon him. Spud it was who, on Christmas morning, presented his section with two bottles of Beaune, a fair-sized ham, and a jar of "Licensed Vietualers" pickles, which had "come

out from 'ome, sudden like." But that is another story.

The two men repaired to the sloping bank of the roadside and conferred privily as to ways and means.

"We don't give up this 'ere duck wivout a struggle, I give you *my* word," said its owner, sententiously. "Strafe this convoy; why don't it carry on?"

A Frenchman, blue clad and grimed with toil, looked round the tail end of a huge lorry and sniffed the evening air gratefully. His glance fell upon the two khaki figures, and he smiled.

"Hey, Tommee—thirsty, hein?" And he made the time-worn gesture of hand to mouth.

The unresponsive Britishers gazed stolidly at him.

"You 'af dreenk wiz mee?" went on the hospitable ally.

"Not 'arf I won't," murmured Bill. They both rose as one man and approached the lorry.

It contained field ovens and etceteras necessary to keep men alive in order that they might kill other men.

The French cook retired into the dim interior, and they heard the grateful sound of a cork withdrawn. Their host had learned his bastard English in the scullery of a London restaurant, and whenever the regiment which he helped to feed lay alongside a British one he became a prince among his less linguistic comrades. He returned into the light, a glass red with "*vin ordinaire*" in each hand. With him came also a satisfying smell of cooking from an oil stove half-hidden between two ovens.

Spud, "stung with the splendor of a sudden thought," pointed to the ovens and remarked:

"You cook ong roote, then?"

"En route, mais oui! Mon capitaine 'e taik a leetle somefing toute à l'heure."

"Oh, 'e *does*, does 'e? Well, 'ere's 'ow," and he drained the glass. With uplifted arm, a duck's leg, stiff and reproachful,

flicked suddenly skywards from Spud's pocket.

"You taik 'im 'ome pour le dîner? Bon appetit!" said the observant cook, and he pointed significantly downwards.

"Eh?" said Spud vacantly. "Oh, yus." He covered the leg hastily. "That's wot we calls emergency rations." He grinned.

The uncomprehending Frenchman exposed a row of white teeth sympathetically.

"You eat well, chez vous. All is done well in the Eenglish armée."

By this time several confrères, attracted by the khaki, had gathered round the lorry.

"Billo, Spud," cautioned Slater, who had long since wiped his mouth, and distrusted mankind. "No questions arsked, no lies told, mind. Let's 'op it."

"Orl right," said the other, his Celtic temperament scenting opportunity; "'arf a mo'."

"Watcher got in there?" pointing to the ovens.

The Frenchman removed the lid of one.

"Ils sont vides, heureusement—emptee. Pourquoi?"

"Where you stop tonight?" inquired Murphy, meaningly.

"Ici! In the village. Wheels want mend." He pointed down. Spud glanced at the off hind wheel. The solid rubber tire, flint torn, sagged and hung on the rim.

"You be here tomorrow?" he asked slowly.

The cook spread out deprecatory palms. "Tomorrow, certainement. Ze next day—who knows?"

"Look 'ere," said Spud, suddenly drawing the duck from his pocket and leaning on the tail board of the wagon, confidentially. "You cook this fer me like a sport, an' I'll 'ave another drink with yer in the mornin'—see?"

The cook beamed with self-satisfaction upon his gaping compatriots.

"Tu vois, il dit que je suis un véritable sport!"

Murphy, not quite sure if his meaning was perfectly clear, and taking no undue risks, fell back upon his service in the East, which, he always maintained to his distrustful company, brought the clear light of understanding to "these 'ere natives." "You savy—chop chop?" And he extended the duck on his palm.

"And up the cabbage, Bill, and we'll come rarnd in the mornin'—you leave it ter me."

Bill obeyed reluctantly the master mind, murmuring, "Mug's game I call this." He retained the eggs with the air of one who, having put not his trust in princes, is still less inclined towards chance and unintelligible acquaintances of the road.

"Well," concluded Murphy, looking squarely up at the man in the lorry, "no 'ank, mind. I come to the forge firs' thing in the mornin'. You cook the duck, one franc, eh?"

"I cook eet, yes. Pas besoin d'un franc; diable, je serais enchanté—all-raight, Tommee!" His sincerity was obvious, and Spud, a judge of men, waved him farewell.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the brief moments between daylight and darkness, when the angles of roofs threw deep shadows upon street corners, and the tall poplars lining the "route nationale" beyond the village, stood sharply defined like black lace on the gray gown of the sky, the two excursionists returned to the indifferent bosom of their own particular billet.

Spud entered with the gravely detached air of one who, having communed with the gods, is loth to fraternize with humbler clay. Bill began the daily ministration to his beloved rifle with oily rag and "pull through," whistling "The Sunshine of Your Smile" through his teeth. A corporal bunched up on the floor with his back to the wall, not knowing what the morrow might

bring forth, was absorbed in the task of greasing his feet.

To him presently ventured the conciliatory Spud:

"Cheero', Bert, wot's the bloomin' noos?"

"Oh, nothin' speshul. G.O.C. sends 'is respects to Private Murphy and 'opes to be able to 'and 'im out six weeks leaf every two months in future. 'Im bein' such a credit to the rigment."

"Chuckit," said Spud, unwinding his puttees, "whatcher bin doin', maite?"

"Waitin' fer you to come 'ome, o' course, wiv two bottles o' the best, same as wot you did once before."

Spud and Bill exchanged a meaning glance.

"Wot would you say, boys," announced Spud to the room in general, "if I was ter prodooce a fine 'ealthy duck fer dinner termorrow, coupled wiv a young spring cabbage?"

"Say?" quoth a man on his back in the corner, "I shud say as 'ow some old woman 'ad been bilked agin."

"An' you wouldn't be far wrong neither," answered another.

"Now look 'ere, maites," continued the ubiquitous Murphy, "there won't be enough for more than four of us. Now, I'll tell you wot I'll do with you. You all toss as to which two comes in. Bill, o' course stands in wiv me, any'ow. Them two as wins each pays one franc—go on, you all stink o' money—an' it's dirt cheap at the price."

A chilly silence greeted this proposition except for a terse whisper from someone to the effect that he had "gorn off 'is rocker, an' no mistake."

Spud had foreseen the nature of the reception, and forestalled it. "If, on the other 'and," he went on calmly, "I don't prodooce the bird and ceteras tomorrow by dinner-time, I pays each of you two francs."

"Wot, all of us?" asked the Corporal, who was proverbially unlucky with a spun coin.



"'Course not. Two francs each to them two as comes in—an' there's my money." He laid four francs on the floor.

Some half dozen men in varying stages of undress were by this time beginning to sit up and take notice.

The Corporal withdrew a ten centime piece and turned to his neighbor. "Your shout, Alf."

Eventually, by the process of elimination, the Corporal and a sandy-haired youth, known as Squirt, whom Spud detested, having each mortgaged a franc, remained as tomorrow's paying guests, and the room hied itself to bed on the floor.

Murphy, later, heard rumblings of lorries on the road, and stepped anxiously between the legs of his fellows to the window. But they were only some G. S. wagons of our own arriving, and with a sigh of relief he rolled himself again in his blankets and slipped down the deep abyss of sleep both of physical fatigue and hard training.

When cocks were still crowing in farmyards, and the June sun had scarcely reared itself above garden walls, Spud Murphy was abroad upon his lawful occasions, and, tapping with the toe of his boot gently on the door of the forge.

But the grim hand of war had descended once again upon the village where a British battalion lay in slumber.

The dread news was conveyed to Spud by an Army Service Corps driver, who protruded a sleepy head from a wagon containing blankets. . . .

"Yus. They was mendin' a wheel," he told him; "a French brass 'at comes up in a car. I dunno wot 'e said, but seein' as 'ow them blokes run about 'e must 'a bin swearin' somethin' crool. 'E pointed darn the road, and they limbers up an' 'ops it very soon arterwards, with the wheel 'arf done. Time? Oh, must 'a bin about eleven. Soon arter we got 'ere. Why? 'ave yer lorst somethin', maite?"

Murphy imparted a little of his grief to the sympathetic driver, from whom he extracted a Woodbine in the telling. Then he returned slowly to his billet, fingering four francs in his pocket, and hating the one called Squirt with a deadly early morning hatred.

He did not know all. He did not know how a harassed and gesticulating French army cook had hurried at midnight up and down this same street carrying a warm and bulky package wrapped in *Le Petit Journal*. How he had interrogated, in broken English, shivering and wholly unsympathetic British sentries at the doors of houses. How, finally, in despair, he had deposited his burden on the steps of a house whence the snores of an over-worked Adjutant proclaimed that herein lay, at any rate, some loyal ally. Nor did he, happily, know how, at dawn, a perambulating sentry of a rival company, having pricked the bundle gingerly with the point of his bayonet, upon closer investigation had winked knowingly to the paling stars and repaired with it swiftly to another place.

\* \* \* \* \*

A fortnight later Spud Murphy and William Slater, with many others, exchanged the comparative snugness of billets for a wet and excessively draughty first line trench, dug in clay soil. The enemy was very close. So close, indeed, that it was possible from time to time to harass Boche feelings by certain oral remarks of an acid nature shouted across the still morning air in high pitched Cockney, at which delicate pastime William Slater was an acknowledged master.

Dinner, of sorts, was in course of preparation in the British trench, and a voice was raised in guttural English from the Hun habitations.

"Pigs' food you eat, Tommy! Ach, we can smell it," the voice said.

"Yus, you *would*," called back the expert. "Know all abart pigs' food.

don't yer, Boshie? Brought up wiv 'em  
from birth, you was, I reckon."

There was no answer to this.

Presently the same voice called.

"We get better food than you English dogs—ten times better."

This did not seem to merit any response from the hungry Englishman.

But a man who was looking steadily along the sights of his rifle turned his head slightly and called down the trench, "Spud!"

*The Westminster Gazette.*

"'Ullo," said the one addressed.

"Did y' 'ear that?"

"I 'eard—wot of it?"

"Tell 'im to chuck across a spare duck, will yer, cully? There's bin one missin' from this 'ere rigment fer some time!"

Spud's instant and biting retort would pain the gentle mind of the reader—and so cannot be recorded.

*Dell Leigh.*

## SAINT GEORGE OF ENGLAND.

HIS DAY APRIL 23D.

Saint George he was a fighting man,  
as all the tales do tell;

He fought a battle long ago, and fought  
it wondrous well;

With his helmet and his hauberk and  
his good cross-hilted sword,

Oh, he rode a-slaying Dragons to the  
glory of the Lord.

And when his time on earth was  
done he found he could not  
rest

Where the year is always Summer in the  
Islands of the Blest,

So back he came to earth again to see  
what he could do,

And they cradled him in England—

In England, April England—

Oh, they cradled him in England where  
the golden willows blew!

Saint George he was a fighting man and  
loved a fighting breed,

And whenever England wants him now  
he's ready to her need;

From Creçy field to Neuve Chapelle,  
he's there with hand and sword,

And he sailed with Drake from Devon  
to the glory of the Lord.

*Punch.*

His arm is strong to smite the wrong  
and break the tyrant's pride;

He was there when Nelson triumphed,  
he was there when Gordon died;

He sees his Red-Cross ensign float on  
all the winds that blow,

But ah! his heart's in England—

In England, April England—

His heart it dreams of England where  
the golden willows grow.

Saint George he was a fighting man; he's  
here and fighting still,

While any wrong is yet to right or  
Dragon yet to kill;

And faith! he's finding work this day to  
suit his war-worn sword,

For he's strafing Huns in Flanders to  
the glory of the Lord!

Saint George he is a fighting man, but,  
when the fighting's past,

And dead amid the trampled fields the  
fiercest and the last

Of all the Dragons earth has known  
beneath his feet lies low,

Ah, his heart will turn to England—

To England, April England—

He'll come home to rest in England  
where the golden willows blow.

## MORALITY IN WAR.

There are some idealistic persons who believe that morality and war are incompatible. War is bestial, they hold, war is devilish; in its presence it is absurd, almost farcical, to talk about morality. That would be so if morality meant the code, forever unattained, of the Sermon on the Mount. But there is not only the morality of Jesus, there is the morality of Mumbo Jumbo. In other words, and limiting ourselves to the narrower range of the civilized world, there is the morality of Machiavelli and Bismarck, and the morality of St. Francis and Tolstoy.

The fact is, as we so often forget, and sometimes do not even know, morality is fundamentally custom, the *mores* as it has been called of a people. It is a body of conduct which is in constant motion, with an exalted advance guard, which few can keep up with, and a debased rear guard, once called the black-guard, a name that has since acquired an appropriate significance. But, in the substantial and central sense, morality means the conduct of the main body of the community. Thus understood, it is clear that in our time war still comes into contact with morality. The pioneers may be ahead; the main body is in the thick of it.

That there really is a morality of war, and that the majority of civilized people have more or less in common a certain conventional code concerning the things which may or may not be done in war, has been very clearly seen during the present conflict. This moral code is often said to be based on international regulations and understandings. It certainly, on the whole, coincides with them. But it is the popular moral code which is fundamental, and international law is merely an attempt to enforce that morality.

The use of expanding bullets and poison gases, the poisoning of wells, the abuse of the Red Cross and the White Flag, the destruction of churches and works of art, the infliction of cruel penalties on civilians who have not taken up arms—all such methods of warfare as these shock popular morality. They are on each side usually attributed to the enemy, they are seldom avowed, and only adopted in imitation of the enemy, with hesitation and some offense to the popular conscience, as we see in the case of poison gas, which was only used by the English after long delay, and which the French still deny using. The general feeling about such methods, even when involving scientific skill, is that they are "barbarous."

As a matter of fact, this charge of "barbarism" against those methods of warfare which shock our moral sense must not be taken too literally. The methods of real barbarians in war are not especially "barbarous." They have sometimes committed acts of cruelty which are revolting to us today, but for the most part the excesses of barbarous warfare have been looting and burning, together with more or less raping of women, and these excesses have been so frequent within the last century, and still today, that they may as well be called "civilized" as "barbarous." The sack of Rome by the Goths at the beginning of the fifth century made an immense impression on the ancient world as an unparalleled outrage. St. Augustine, in his "City of God," written shortly afterwards, eloquently described the horrors of that time. Yet today, in the new light of our own knowledge of what war may involve, the ways of the ancient Goths seem very innocent. We are expressly told that they spared the sacred Christian places, and the chief

offenses brought against them seem to be looting and burning; yet the treasure they left untouched was vast and incalculable, and we should be thankful indeed if any belligerent in the war of today inflicted as little injury on a conquered city as the Goths on Rome. The vague rhetoric which this invasion inspired scarcely seems to be supported by definitely recorded facts, and there can be very little doubt that the devastation wrought in many old wars exists chiefly in the writings of rhetorical chroniclers whose imaginations were excited, as we may so often see among the journalists of today, by the rumor of atrocities which have never been committed. This is not to say that no devastation and cruelty have been perpetrated in ancient wars. It seems to be generally agreed that in the famous Thirty Years' War, which the Germans fought against each other, atrocities were the order of the day. We are constantly being told, in respect of some episode or other of the war of today, that "nothing like it has been seen since the Thirty Years' War." But the writers who make this statement, with an offhand air of familiar scholarship, never by any chance bring forward the evidence for this greater atrociousness of the Thirty Years' War, and while it is not possible for anyone who has never studied that war to speak positively, one is inclined to suspect that this oft-repeated allusion to the Thirty Years' War as the acme of military atrocity is merely a rhetorical flourish.

In any case, we know that, not so many years after the Thirty Years' War, Frederick the Great, who combined supreme military gifts with freedom from scruple in policy, and was at the same time a great representative German, declared that the ordinary citizen ought never to be aware that his country is at war. Nothing could show more clearly the military ideal,

however imperfectly it may sometimes have been attained, of the old European world. Atrocities, whether regarded as permissible or as inevitable, certainly occurred. But for the most part wars were the concern of the privileged upper class; they were rendered necessary by the dynastic quarrels of monarchs, and were carried out by a professional class with aristocratic traditions, and a more or less scrupulous regard to ancient military etiquette. There are many stories of the sufferings of the soldiery in old times in the midst of abundance, on account of military respect for civilian property. The legend, if legend it is, of the French officer who politely requested the English officer opposite him to "fire first," shows how something of the ancient spirit of chivalry was still regarded as the accompaniment of warfare. It was an occupation which only incidentally concerned the ordinary citizen. The English, especially, protected by the sea and always living in open undefended cities, have usually been able to preserve this indifference to the Continental wars in which their kings have constantly been engaged, and, as we see, even in the most unprotected European countries, and the most profoundly warlike, the Great Frederick set forth precisely the same ideal of war.

The fact seems to be that while war is nowadays less chronic than of old, less prolonged, and less easily provoked, it is a serious fallacy to suppose that it is also less barbarous. We imagine that it must be so simply because we believe, on more or less plausible grounds, that our life generally is growing less barbarous and more civilized. But war by its very nature always means a relapse from civilization into barbarism, if not savagery. We may sympathize with the endeavor of the European soldiers of old to civilize warfare, and we may admire the remarkable extent to which they succeeded in doing



so. But we cannot help feeling that their romantic and chivalrous notions of warfare were absurdly incongruous.

The world in general might have been content with that incongruity. But Germany, or more precisely Prussia, with its ancient genius for warfare, has in the present war taken the decisive step in initiating the abolition of that incongruity by placing warfare definitely on the basis of scientific barbarism. To do this is, in a sense, we must remember, not a step backwards, but a step forward. It involves recognition of the fact that war is not a game to be played for its own sake, by a professional caste, in accordance with fixed rules which it would be dishonorable to break, but a method, carried out by the whole organized manhood of the nation, of effectively attaining an end desired by the State. If by the chivalrous method of old, which was indeed in large part still their own method in the previous Franco-German War, the Germans had resisted the temptation to violate the neutrality of Luxemburg and Belgium in order to rush behind the French defenses, and had battered instead at the gap of Belfort, they would have won the sympathy of the world, but they certainly would not have won possession of the greater part of Belgium and a third part of France. It has not alone been military instinct which has impelled Germany on the new course thus inaugurated. We see here the final outcome of a reaction against ancient Teutonic sentimentality which the insight of Goldwin Smith clearly discerned forty years ago. Humane sentiments and civilized traditions, under the moulding hand of Prussian leaders of Kultur, have been slowly but firmly subordinated to a political realism, which, in the military sphere, means a masterly efficiency in the aim of crushing the foe by overwhelming force, combined with panic-striking "frightfulness." In this con-

ception, that only is moral which served these ends. The horror which this "frightfulness" may be expected to arouse, even among neutral nations, is, from the German point of view, a tribute of homage.

The military reputation of Germany is so great in the world, and likely to remain so, whatever the issue of the present war, that we are here faced by a grave critical issue which concerns the future of the whole world. The conduct of wars has been transformed before our eyes. In any future war the example of Germany will be held to consecrate the new methods, and the belligerents who are not inclined to accept the supreme authority of Germany may yet be forced in their own interests to act in accordance with it. The mitigating influence of religion over warfare has long ceased to be exercised, for the international Catholic Church no longer possesses the power to exert such influence, while the national Protestant Churches are just as bellicose as their flocks. Now, we see the influence of morality over warfare similarly tending to disappear. Henceforth, it seems, we have to reckon with a conception of war which accounts it a function of the supreme State, standing above morality, and therefore able to wage war independently of morality. Necessity—the necessity of scientific effectiveness—becomes the sole criterion of right and wrong.

When we look back from the standpoint of knowledge which we have reached in the present war to the notions which prevailed in the past, they seem to us hollow and even childish. Seventy years ago, Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," stated complacently that only ignorant and unintellectual nations any longer cherished ideals of war. His statement was part of the truth. It is true, for instance, that France is now the most anti-military of nations, though once the most military of all.

But, we see, it is only part of the truth. The very fact, which Buckle himself pointed out, that efficiency has in modern times taken the place of morality in the conduct of affairs, offers a new foundation for war when war is waged on scientific principle for the purpose of rendering effective the claims of State policy. Today we see that it is not sufficient for a nation to cultivate knowledge and become intellectual, in the expectation that war will automatically go out of fashion. It is quite possible to become very scientific, most relentlessly intellectual, and on that foundation to build up ideals of warfare much more barbarous than those of Assyria.

The conclusion seems to be that we are today entering on an era in which war will not only flourish as vigorously as in the past, although not in so chronic a form, but with an altogether new ferocity and ruthlessness, with a vastly increased power of destruction, and on a scale of extent and intensity involving an injury to civilization and humanity which no wars of the past ever perpetrated. Moreover, this state of things imposes on the nations which have hitherto, by their temper, their position, or their small size, regarded

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themselves as nationally neutral, a new burden of armament in order to ensure that neutrality. It has been proclaimed on both sides that this war is a war to destroy militarism. But the disappearance of a militarism that is only destroyed by a greater militarism offers no guarantee at all for any triumph of civilization or humanity.

What, then, are we to do? It seems clear that we have to recognize that our intellectual leaders of old, who declared that to ensure the disappearance of war, we have but to sit still and fold our hands while we watch the beneficent growth of science and intellect, were grievously mistaken. War is still one of the active factors of modern life, though by no means the only factor which it is in our power to grasp and direct. By our energetic effort the world can be moulded. It is the concern of all of us, and especially of those nations which are strong enough and enlightened enough to take a leading part in human affairs, to work towards the initiation and the organization of this immense effort. In so far as the great war of today acts as a spur to such effort, it will not have been an unmixed calamity.

Havelock Ellis.

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## TREASON.

The *Morning Post* suggested the other day that some of its contemporaries were talking about treason as though it were a "venial sin." It is very difficult just at the moment, we admit, to approach the question of treason in the spirit of an inquirer rather than a partisan politician. But we think, if one takes the trouble to study the history of treason, he will discover good reason to pause before concluding that in all cases it is an offense of which only arch-criminals are capable. In the first place, it is necessary to distin-

guish between treason and treachery. A traitor may be a man who is guilty of treason alone, or he may be a man who is guilty of treachery as well. Treason is primarily an offense against the State; treachery is primarily an offense against the moral sense. That is why, as we read history, we find ourselves in many cases concentrating our moral indignation, not upon the traitor, who has been guilty solely of treason, but upon the informer, who has been guilty of treachery in delivering the traitor into the power of the law. Treason has

often been canonized by history; treachery, never. There is morally all the difference in the world between the traitor who is disloyal to a State because he is loyal to a cause, and the traitor who is treacherous merely to serve his private ends. The former may be—and frequently is—a man of high moral purpose; the latter is one of the most despicable of men. Pym and Hampden and Cromwell were traitors of the first sort. As everyone knows, Cromwell's body was taken from its grave after the Restoration and hung on a gibbet at Tyburn as the body of a traitor, and Pym's corpse was thrown out of Westminster Abbey. Yet nowadays how many people regard either Cromwell or Pym as a morally scandalous person? Do we not even find writers to the *Times* calling for another Cromwell as the only means of winning the present war? And does not Cromwell's statue stand within the walls of the House of Parliament, despite the ironical sallies of Mr. Balfour and the hostility of the Irish Nationalist Members? We are not, we need hardly add, suggesting that there are any Cromwells to be found among those who have been guilty of treason in our own time. All we wish to insist is that treason is an offense of which a very noble man as well as a very vile man is capable. The word "traitor" does not in itself connote moral obliquity, though it is almost invariably uttered with a vehemence which suggests that it does.

"Treason" is a term which covers different offenses in different periods. It may even be treason in one year to do a thing which it is treason not to do in another. As we are reminded in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* article on the subject, "by one Act of 1534 it was treason not to believe Mary illegitimate and Elizabeth legitimate; by another Act of 1536 it was treason to believe either legitimate; by an Act of 1543 it was treason not to believe both legiti-

mate." Again, Henry VIII made it treason for a queen to conceal the fact that she had been incontinent before marriage. Obviously, treason of this sort will be in the eyes of most people a "venial sin." On the other hand, history does not condone, as venial, treason like that of Alcibiades. Here was a great Athenian general who, having been condemned to death for sacrilege, took service with Sparta, and, having been condemned to death by the Spartans, allied himself to the Persians. In spite of his double treachery, and his readiness to destroy Athens merely in order to avenge his personal wrongs, the Athenians welcomed him back and restored him to his generalship. But, though the Athenians forgave him, the moralists of history do not forgive him. They regard him as one of the sublime scamps of the human race—a fascinating blackguard, but none the less a blackguard. And yet Socrates made him his friend. His fascination is in a measure the fascination of Absalom: he attracts us æsthetically, but repels us morally. And Absalom is but one in a long list of kings' sons who have risen treasonably against their fathers. One remembers how Richard Cœur-de-Lion began his active life as a rebel against his father, Henry II, and how he fought against him at the head of the army of Aquitaine. The truth is, in the ancient and medieval world, treason of this kind was not regarded with nearly the same severity as it has come to be regarded in modern days. Nowadays, that a monarch's son should take arms against him is almost unthinkable. The idea of loyalty is an idea without which the peace and unity of the modern State would not be possible, and our only means of keeping the world from tumbling back into the turbulence of the Middle Ages—we do not speak ironically—is to regard the idea of loyalty as one of the fundamental ideas of civilization. But we must remember

that it was not always so. In Homer, in *Beowulf*, in the Irish epic-cycles in the Norse sagas, we do not find that the man who is, according to the modern conception, a traitor is necessarily regarded as a reprobate. In the Heroic Age it was deemed possible for a respectable man to change sides or even to take arms against his own people, just as Achilles was still regarded as a reputable soldier, despite his sulking in his tent. If a modern general behaved like Achilles, he would be taken out and shot under martial law. We have gained as well as lost sternness as the modern theory of the State has grown stronger.

In considering modern cases of treason, we must insist upon the application of one standard to them all. We must not allow our natural prejudices, for instance, to suggest to us that treason is a good thing, say, in Bulgaria, but a bad thing, say, in Italy. Treason, given the same circumstances, cannot be morally reprehensible in one country and morally admirable in another. We cannot expect, of course, to rid ourselves entirely of the passion which is allied to the passionate desire for the success of our cause. But if we approach the matter as moralists rather than as partisans, we must do our best to preserve as severely judicial an attitude as would a judge sent down to earth from Mars. What would such a judge say of an Alsatian member of the German Reichstag who, on the outbreak of war, fled to France and joined the French Army? From the German point of view he is undoubtedly a traitor; we presume he must even have sworn allegiance to the German Emperor. But is it fair to judge him from the German point of view? Manifestly, his spiritual loyalty was not to Germany but to Alsace and, through Alsace to France. He could not be loyal in the spiritual sense without becoming a traitor. So he became a traitor. Again, take the

case of a Bohemian whom the war compelled to choose between loyalty to Bohemia and loyalty to the Austrian Empire. Many Bohemians have believed that at the present crisis loyalty to Bohemia and loyalty to the Austrian Empire are incompatible. They had an unsuccessful rising. Many of them have paid the penalty of traitors. One of them fled to England, where he now lives with a price upon his head. But no Englishman regards him as morally reprobate. On the contrary, he is honored as a patriot.

Or take, again, the case of the Russian Poles who joined the Polish legion in the Austrian Army at the beginning of the war. They may have been fools to believe that Poland would ever get its liberty from the Central Powers, but, in so far as they acted from love of Poland and not from selfish motives, they cannot be dismissed as scoundrels. If we do not understand the motives of traitors, we cannot tell whether their treason is a crime from a moral point of view or a crime merely from the point of view of the State as at present constituted. Thus, if Germany chose to annex Belgium, she would at once regard all Belgians who supported the cause of the Allies as traitors worthy of capital punishment. But a neutral judge would refuse to regard such Belgians as moral culprits. But suppose that Belgium were incorporated into the German Empire, and remained so incorporated for a century or two? Would a Belgian who, in the year 2116, still found loyalty to Belgium incompatible with loyalty to the German Empire be of necessity morally culpable as well as legally a traitor?

These are considerations which it is well to bear in mind in judging of instances of treason nearer home. We have had in Ireland in recent times two dangerous outbursts of treason—the treason of the Ulstermen and the treason of the anti-Redmond Volun-



teers. The Ulstermen, it has been claimed, have been guilty only of hypothetical treason. They have never actually fired on soldiers. Treason, however, does not necessarily involve actual warfare. It has been defined as, among other things, "levying war against His Majesty . . . in order by force or constraint to compel His Majesty to change his measures or counsels, or in order to intimidate or overawe both Houses, or either House of Parliament; or conspiring to levy war against His Majesty or any such intent or for any such purpose as aforesaid, or instigating any foreigner with force to invade this realm or any other of the dominions of His Majesty." Sir Edward Carson's followers, in taking custom-house officers and police officers prisoners at the time of the Larne gun-running, were surely guilty of an act of war against the Crown. The logic of their action was that, if they were resisted, they would use force of arms. It would be absurd to accuse Sir Edward Carson himself of instigating the Kaiser to invade this realm, but many of his followers were quite frank in expressing the hope that Ulster might be saved for Protestantism by a "Continental deliverer." In any case, Sir Edward Carson and all, they made it quite clear that their loyalty to the British Empire was conditional loyalty. They would be loyal in action only provided Ulster had the sort of government she desired. It is unquestionable that at the time many indignant Liberals called Sir Edward Carson a traitor, demanded his trial on a charge of high treason, and regarded him and his followers as, in a moral no less than in a legal sense, wicked beyond measure.

No one can doubt, however, that in the common affairs of life the average follower of Sir Edward Carson is an

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excellent example of a moral human being. He may be the victim of foolish superstitions and foolish fears, but, in so far as he is disinterested, his treason does not shock us as a thing morally base, but chiefly as an offense against the State to which he claims to be loyal. And we must judge the so-called Sinn Fein Volunteers by the same standard. To call them traitors is not to pass a moral judgment on them, unless it means that they were also treacherous to their ideal. They manifestly take the view that the position of Ireland is the position of Belgium, Poland, Bohemia, and Alsace, and that they must be traitors either to the British Empire or to Ireland. One need not accept the view in order to realize that it is capable of being held by a moral being. One has to understand the motive of a traitor before one can be just to him. It will, perhaps, help to educate us in regard to Anglo-Irish politics if we face the fact that the Sinn Fein Volunteers clearly felt that they were taking up arms against a foreign Power—that they were committing an act, not of treason, but of war. That suggests the ideal to which they were loyal and in pursuit of which they were disinterested. We do not mean to say that the rising was not criminally foolish, or that it did not inflict woeful injury both on Ireland and England. But as to the obvious treason in it—the struggle for an ideal which is rightly or wrongly looked on as incompatible with the safety of the British State—that, we must insist, is not a moral but a political crime. It is, of course, punishable as such. But we do not imagine that even the soldiers who shot the leaders of the rising would have felt any moral objection to shaking hands with them before doing so.

## THE MEN FROM ANZAC.

A foreigner described the Greater Jubilee of Queen Victoria as a pageant in devout patriotism. On that splendid day, when the Empire marched with her chosen men through London, a chivalry of armed youth attending the aged Queen-Empress, the crowd was a poet in feeling, and a difficult ceremony passed through pomp and triumph into devotion. Who can weigh and measure the permanent good done to the Empire by Queen Victoria's Greater Jubilee? A creed is nothing until it builds a fane for itself, and the creed of Imperialism had no august presence in a fane of visible certainty until the Jubilees of Queen Victoria made it real as a bond of union at millions of local celebrations. Then it was that the Empire became conscious of her unity in the world's affairs. Leaders everywhere perceived distinctly for the first time that the Empire, like a masterpiece of art, must be preserved as a whole. At the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign the Empire was a far-scattered vagueness that utilitarians treated with contempt; during the last months of her life the promise of the Greater Jubilee was active in brave deeds done in battle. Since then there has been a free and natural growth in those reciprocal interests that enable an Empire gradually to bring her collective force to bear upon the same problems. Hence it was inevitable that the British Empire, when threatened in war by Germany, should turn her unity into army corps. There are persons who talk as if this natural act were almost supernatural; but those who value the past in the present, as all true Conservatives ought to value it, know that the Jubilees of Queen Victoria foretold the militant loyalty of India and the soldierly good fellowship of all the Dominions. And on Anzac Day, the spirit of

the Greater Jubilee returned to London. Once more the crowd was a poet in feeling, and a public ceremony became an act of devotion.

Other aspects of Anzac Day stir the imagination. A wounded New Zealander, after the service in the Abbey, related how the troops turned their eyes towards the altar when the first notes of the National Anthem were heard: "They saw there the simple khaki-clad figure of the only man in our Empire who does not stand when the Anthem is sung. And they wondered what he thought. Surely he saw, as they did, that every man in whose company he worshiped would lay down his life to uphold his sovereignty. The service closed with a quiet almost uncanny, and then the silver-throated trumpets rang out the soldier's saddest notes—the 'Last Post.' I do not know who wrote that call, but, whoever it was, he put into it all the pathos, all the hope of resurrection, and all the triumph that man knows. It ended, and for a while longer there was silence." Could any words show more clearly that the spirit of Anzac Day was—and should remain—not a festival for the living, but a commemoration of the dead? Thackeray used to complain—and Gardiner after him, in a noble passage of history—that the rank and file who died in war were forgotten at once; that their names were never recorded, even on monuments. The public has changed greatly during the present war; it is far more grateful than it has ever been to its soldiers and sailors; it is learning to appreciate discipline and self-sacrifice. But the spirit of Anzac Day has to be extended to all the brave men who have passed from life into the undying traditions of their regiments. Every British county should commemorate the deeds of its troops once a year,

We will not emphasize the heroic note, because brave soldiers do not like it. Sir William Birdwood set a very useful example in his brief speech. He told his men always to pay attention to training and discipline, these qualifications being quite as important as fighting determination. When civilians give way to heroics they exercise their gratitude and make soldiers feel uneasy, for true valor is shy in the presence of praise. Besides, Englishmen knew that the Australasian troops would be magnificent and would turn courage into a national heirloom.

The speech of Mr. Hughes, as a whole, was great in statesmanship. "Not The Saturday Review.

contempt of death in even its most awful forms," he said, "nor dash, nor resource, not all these things would have sufficed the men of Anzac had the divine spirit of self-sacrifice been absent. . . . It is upon this foundation of self-sacrifice that true patriotism rests. Who shall say that this dreadful war is wholly an evil?" The noble demeanor of London on that day is a proof that the better qualities of our race are being renewed. And it is heartening to remember also that the New Zealand troops, by placing before the altar a wreath in memory of the 29th Division, united many dead British comrades to the homage they paid to their own fallen.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Finding of Jasper Holt" by Grace Livingston Hill Lutz is the story of a girl who is rescued from death in a train wreck by a man whom she recognizes as one of the world's good men. The society of the Western town to which Holt belonged and where Jean Grayson was going to visit her married sister at the time of the accident judged him far otherwise. Holt's love for the girl brings about his determination to live up to the best that is in him and at last the town's acknowledgment and acceptance of his worth. It is a simple love story with plenty of action, but no subtlety and is charming in its directness. J. B. Lippincott Company.

The title of Dorothy Canfield's latest volume of short stories, "The Real Motive" (Henry Holt & Company) is not taken, as is the wont of such collections, from the opening story, but is intended, in a general way, to characterize all the stories in the book as studies of the motives which prompt and explain conduct. Except for this, there is no connecting thread which links them.

They are varied in scene and character. One or two are laid in Hillsboro' and introduce the reader to more "Hillsboro' People"; and one or two in Paris, amid the scenes which helped to make "The Bent Twig"; but it does not matter much where the scene is—each story is of independent interest, and all are true to life, sweet, and subtle without vagueness. There are fourteen of them, altogether,—the garnering of contributions to various magazines during the last few years. Scattered through them—as in "Hillsboro' People"—are several poems by Sarah N. Cleghorn.

To readers who are unfamiliar with the delicate and mystical writings of the woman who chose to disguise her identity under the pseudonym of "Michael Fairless," the dainty little book of daily readings arranged by Mildred Gentle, and published by E. P. Dutton & Co. under the title "The Roadmender Book of Days," would have been more readily understood if it had been prefaced with some ac-

count of the author of "The Road-mender" and the other books from which the selections are taken. To those who do know "The Road-mender," it will be a surprise that "Michael Fairless" was the author also of "Pilgrim Man," "The Gray Brethren," "Rest and Unrest," "Magic Casements," "A Modern Mystic's Way," "Winter and Spring" and other books and booklets which are drawn upon for these quotations. The selections here grouped—one for each day in the year—cover a wide range of thought and reflection, and are richly and reverently suggestive.

The title of Professor James A. B. Scherer's "The Japanese Crisis" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) will surprise a good many Americans, who do not realize that there is any Japanese crisis; yet it is only a few weeks since Japanese sensitiveness was so aroused by the form of the pending immigration bill in Congress as to compel a modification of the bill, and intelligent Japanese have not forgotten, if Americans have, that for three years a formal note of the Japanese Government upon this question has remained unanswered. Professor Scherer is no alarmist, but he has spent years in Japan and has had the best of opportunities for studying the Japanese character, and becoming acquainted with Japanese ideals. His book, modest in size as it is, is a valuable contribution to the discussion of a subject which may yet become of acute importance—the more valuable because the fruit of personal observation. A brief review of the circumstances which led to the opening of Japan serves as preface for chapters on the coming of the Japanese to California, the assumed militancy of

Japan, the assimilability of the Japanese and the effect of the Alien Land Law. It would be folly to ignore the facts and conclusions which Professor Scherer presents.

Arthur Ruhl, author of "Antwerp to Gallipoli" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is an American journalist who had the unusual good fortune to witness some of the most important incidents of the great war, as he expresses it in his sub-title, "on many fronts—and behind them." He was in Courtrai when the German cavalry entered it; along the Marne, after the desperate fighting there; in Antwerp during the German bombardment; in Paris and Bordeaux when the Germans were in retreat; later, in the German prison camps and in the German trenches; then, through Roumania and Bulgaria on the way to Constantinople; and afterward with the Turks at the Dardanelles; in Hungary, at the "correspondents' village" of Nagybiesce; in the hospitals at Budapest; through Austria-Hungary to the Galician front; and along the line of the Russian retreat. Of his experiences on these many fronts, and as an observer of many armies and peoples, he writes with freshness and vigor, and with a surprisingly broad sympathy and appreciation of the best qualities in all. His narrative is not over-loaded with detail, nor is it encumbered with discussions of causes or of international politics. It is intensely interesting—the more so because it covers operations and incidents which, while they have figured conspicuously in the press dispatches, have not been hitherto included in any single narrative by an eye-witness. Thirty illustrations from photographs serve to make more real the scenes and incidents described.

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